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HER FACE IS LIKE THE SUNRISE."

Her face is like the sunrise,
Her eyes are like the sea,
And morning comes into my heart
If she but look on me.

Her lips are like wild roses;
And when she uttereth
Her tender words of love, they bring
To me the wild flower's breath.

And so a holy daybreak
Is mine with every hour;
Each moment feels the blue sea's might,
The rose's magic power.
—George P. Lathrop, in Harper's Weekly.

THE DENHAM FEUD.

BY ELEANOR C. LEWIS.

How long ago, or just why, Francis John and John Francis Denham, half-brothers, began to quarrel with each other, would be hard to say. There was only two years' difference in their ages, and, when they were children, they were fond of being together.

As boys, at school, they remained good friends, though not so intimate as before; but when they entered college a coolness rose between them. Frank, as Francis John was called, was open-hearted, impulsive, quick to speak, and quick to repent; generous and kind. Francis, as the other was called, was equally honorable and upright, but not at all impulsive.

He made up his mind before speaking it, and consequently had not nearly so much to repent of as his brother. Yet, for all his goodness, he was not so lovable a boy, at first sight, as Frank—poor, heedless Frank, who went stumbling through life, stepping on other people's feet in pure carelessness, but apologizing so instantly, and with such charm of repentence, that he was always forgiven.

When Francis blundered—to speak more accurately, made a mistake—it was a serious matter with him. First of all, he had to decide that he was wrong. This being settled, he at once, and conscientiously, made what reparation he could; but his very effort to be just had in it something so rigid and uncompromising, that people felt none the more kindly for it. "He would not explain at all," said they, "only that he was obliged to."

Francis realized this feeling on the part of others, without understanding it.

"Why is it," he sometimes mused, "that I do my duty, and am disliked for it, while Frank, who never thinks of his duty, is loved?" But it took him a lifetime to find the answer to his question.

Meanwhile, the "little rift in the lute" grew larger. Frank got into debt; Francis, with strict justice but little mercy, said he could not spare the money to help his brother out. Then, both boys contended for a prize. Francis toiled hard, but Frank, by a lucky stroke, won. Next, they fell in love with the same girl; and though the attachment was not deep, and the young lady married a third lover, yet, for the time, it was Frank who was favored.

So gradually their enmity grew, until when commencement day came, they had nothing in common but a speaking acquaintance. Two years later, even this ceased, for the boys' grandfather died (their parents were already dead) and left a will that was the cause of complete estrangement between them.

His property was shared equally by them, but certain heirlooms—especially a valuable ring which had been in the family for several generations, was left—in the words of the will—"to my dearest Francis."

It was known that he had intended to make another will—the same in principle, but reducing the property by one or two public bequests; but, if made, it was not to be found, and every one thought that death had surprised him before he could carry out his intentions. Had such a document seen the light, the ambiguity of "my dearest Francis" might have been cleared up.

As matters stood, each claimed the heirloom. Frank had been the old man's favorite—all knew that. Still, he had tried his grandfather sorely of late, by his heedless ways and extravagance; and beside, no one ever called him Francis. As for the other, he was always called Francis, and had been more of a favorite lately than at first; then, too, he was the older.

So each young man urged his claim, and defended it, although, in his secret heart, Francis did admit that he was not "the dearest," just as Frank felt assured he was. And Frank, with his usual impulsiveness, spoke out, and strongly, and after this, it was hard for either of the two to give up the case.

Still, it might have been settled, if the matter had not been discussed one day in public. In the excitement of the talk, Frank at length called Francis a designing scoundrel. To be sure, he retracted this harsh speech, but the apology was not accepted, when an officious friend reported the matter to Francis.

"Designing, am I?" said he, grimly. "Very well. You may say to Frank Denham when you meet him again, that I am designing enough to get and hold my own. The ring is mine, is in my possession, and no court of law in the land will adjudge it away from me to him."

No court did take it away, though Frank went to law to establish his claim.

Francis said the ring had always gone to the eldest son; in fine, it was in his possession, and no one could prove that it ought not to be there.

This settled the matter, though not the feelings that had been roused. The brothers had now nothing whatever to do with each other. They lived in the same town, belonged to the same church, and married neighbors' daughters eventually; yet they met as strangers. After a while, each went into business in Boston and moved there. They still attended the same church, but met less frequently than before.

In business, the difference of character showed itself at once, in their methods, and consequently in their success. Francis became quite wealthy; Frank, though not poor, was never prosperous. His children became something of a trial to him as years went on. The hereditary impulsiveness led them into all manner of difficulties, some of them expensive; and in marked contrast were the sensible, sedate boys of Francis.

The latter had two sons and one daughter, named Alda; while Frank had seven boisterous boys.

In little Alda Denham, lay all the hidden grace and unexpressed tenderness of her father's nature. She was the poem of his life,—the fair-haired Alda he called her, dimly remembering some old Saxon heroine.

She was, indeed a wonderfully lovely child, rather silent, passionately fond of her father, devoted to mother and brothers; yet with room in her gentle heart for a nameless host of pets. She knew about the family trouble—had heard it talked of—all the more since her brothers met their cousins at the public school.

The latter, to do them justice, would have fraternized in rough-and-ready school-boy fashion, but Francis Denham's two sons drew back. They had their father's disposition in some degree, and reserve was more natural to them than hasty friendship. Beside, they knew about the trouble, and thought their Uncle Frank had behaved in a very unjust fashion. So when Frank's children reported at home how "stuck-up" and insolent Herbert and Morris Denham were, their heedless father burst out before them with violent expressions of hatred.

"Don't, father," said his wife; "don't talk so before the boys. It does them harm, and does you no good."

"Bother the boys!" said Frank; "they are always around when I'm at my worst." Then, relenting, "See here, lads, your mother is right; I ought not to speak against your uncle to you in this way—but—then—he would make a saint mad!"

Naturally enough, an amend of this mixed nature did not change the boys' feelings. They did not actually hate their prim, scholarly cousins, but did enjoy irritating them. Space is lacking to tell their ingenious proficiency in this art. They soaped the floor, to see Herbert measure his length on it. They tripped up Morris, and chalked big letters on his back. Finally, Willy Denham put chalk into Herbert's inkstand. Of course the ink effervesced, and ran all over the desk, spoiling among things of less value the Greek theme which Herbert had just with some pains, completed. This piece of mischief was traced home to its perpetrator, and he was soundly whipped.

Small good came from the punishment, however, for the offender was over petted at home to make up the indignity; and Herbert's father was not satisfied, and thought Willy should have been expelled. If anything could have widened the breach, it would have been this; for paternal feelings as well as brotherly were in conflict. But after a while, things settled down into the old groove. There was less active annoyance in school, though a strong undercurrent of dislike was always present.

Thus matters were, when the little fair haired Alda was eight years old. Two things happened this year. Frank Denham's two youngest sons were drowned when out skating, and Francis Denham had a dangerous illness. He was terribly grieved by his brother's misfortune and would have made up the quarrel if he could; but by this time it was beyond his power. He did try to say a few words of sympathy when they first met, after the accident, but the mourning father repulsed him.

"No, sir," said he, sternly, and not without dignity; "when things went well with me, you passed me by; now that my boys have left me, and my heart is broken, you need not intrude. The grief is mine, not yours, and God will give me all the comfort I deserve."

"The grief is mine, too," began Francis, and this was much for him to say; but his brother had passed out of hearing, and he made no further attempt. Still, in secret, his thoughts were upon him, and when he had a fever, they were the burden of his delirium, and retarded his recovery.

Alda was with him a great deal during his convalescence. Her quietness and gentleness made her peculiarly in place in the sick room, and half-unconsciously to himself, she became her father's confidante. They had always been intimate from the time she could talk, and very naturally, in his weakness, he talked to her of the past.

There was a magnetic something in the child that inspired trust in all. It was not that she was older then her years, for she delighted in dolls and childish sports. It was more as though she were a child of some high order, free from the usual pettiness and narrowness of youth. She was full of life, while at the same time sensitive and thoughtful—simpatica, as the Italians say.

Now in the sick room her father found strange comfort in the unburdening to her the thoughts and feelings that hitherto he had kept locked in his own heart. He felt that she understood him, yet did not sit in judgment. He was her father—her dear father; mother did not think of it, or the boys; but she knew well that he was not happy.

It did not enter into the case that he had been to blame; the question, how to make him happy again. These thoughts, however, she kept to herself—the family had no idea of them.

"And so you see, Alda," he said one day, "you must be careful how you begin anything, for the ending is often out of your power."

"It might be in somebody else's power, perhaps," said Alda, half to herself.

"Ah, yes," sighed her father, "just there is where the trouble lies. You can argue with and persuade yourself, but it is so hard to influence another. Frank—your uncle, dear—was a good boy, but I suppose I was too stiff; and so we drifted apart. I could never laugh, unless I saw something to laugh at, but Frank would laugh just for the pleasure of it."

"Perhaps," said Alda, cheerfully, "you'll be laughing that way yourself some time."

"If I only could!" he moaned. "But it is no use, dear, while I have that ring," turning it restlessly on his finger. "I don't see how I can."

"But the ring is your own, papa."

"Do you know, dear," he began, then checked himself. "I must be out of my mind," thought he, "to talk like this to the child."

But Alda, in her own sweet way, understood and went on. "I know the ring is yours, papa, but perhaps you think, after all, Uncle Frank ought to have it."

"Exactly," said he, with eagerness, led on by this sweet sympathy. "I do think so, but Frank wouldn't take it now. If he only would!"

Here Mrs. Denham came in, and the conversation was broken off for the time.

Alda had heard enough, however, to make up her mind. If Uncle Frank had the ring, her papa would be glad, and Uncle Frank would like it. Still, her papa could not give it himself, so some one else must give it for him, and that some one should be herself, just as soon as she could bring it about. She would not ask for the ring yet; she felt that for one reason or another, she might be refused. And beside, she had a feeling that if she watched for it, a chance might appear, and all would be well.

Some time slipped by, however, and the coveted opportunity did not present itself.

Her father grew better, and resumed business once more, but he was less absorbed in it than formerly. He found a good deal of time for Alda, and took her to ride, and especially to concerts, the little lady being fond of music. They were a noticeable pair—the tall, bearded, stately father, and the delicate child, with her transparent, vivid beauty. Many a person would turn to look at them as they passed, and in Mr. Denham's place of business a visit from the child was the event of the day. She took all this attention with a kind of serene unconsciousness; it neither excited nor troubled her.

One still, cold afternoon in January Francis Denham made haste home.

"Why, papa!" cried Alda, running to meet him. "What brings you home so early?"

"You, my pet," he answered, gaily. "Be quick, there's a good girl, and have Janie wrap you up warm. Mamma lying down, is she? Well, you tell her that I am going to take you to hear Wilhelmj, and will bring you back safe and sound."

No second bidding was needed. Alda flew like a fairy, and in a few minutes the carriage had left them at the Music Hall. Their seats were on the front row of the first gallery, about midway. They were hardly in their places and Alda's wraps unloosed, when Wilhelmj entered, and all her attention was centered on him.

It was wonderful playing; clear, firm, masterly, yet with an undercurrent of passionate life. The spirit of music was there, as well as its body.

Her father felt the beauty of the performance, but his strongest emotion, after all, was pleasure in Alda's pleasure. Now and then she looked up, long enough to appropriate his sympathetic smile, but was silent until the intermission. Then she chattered joyously, for the music had set free her happy little tongue, and he answered, more gravely; still, it satisfied her.

Now and then she made an absurd pretence of looking through his opera-glass, and bowing to some imaginary acquaintance thus recognized. Next, she leaned her fairy arm on the balustrade, to peep down at the people below. Her glance roamed idly at first, then all at once grew earnest, for directly beneath sat her Uncle Frank.

The thought rushed over her: My chance at last! and at this moment her uncle looked up. His worn, tired, haggard face met full the young and lovely one of his little neice. Something in her gaze arrested him: an indescribable expression of love and joy and longing.

He felt no anger toward her—who could?—and he smiled faintly in response to the pleading of her eyes.

Alda drew back. The orchestral accompaniment of the next concerto began with a crash, as she pulled her father's head nearer to listen, and whispered, breathlessly, "Now, papa, now is the time, and Uncle Frank will take it!"

No explanation was necessary. Her father understood, for he too has seen his brother's upturned face.

He held out his hand, and with eager fingers she pulled off the ring. Once more she bent over the railing, and once more, drawn by some secret impulse toward good, her uncle looked up.

He saw two faces above him—the man's grave, yet entreating, the child's radiant with beautiful intention. And she held out the ring! The next moment it was at his feet. No one heard her say it, yet he felt sure that her lips formed these words: "It is your own, dear uncle. I give it to you from my dear papa."

The old, hard anger melted from his heart like ice in the sun; he felt no impulse to refuse; on the contrary, he gently lifted the ring and put it on, then looked up at Francis and his daughter. No mean triumph touched his smile; the brotherly kindness of old days lighted up his face.

Then Alda, her work accomplished, leaned back and said:

"It is all done, papa. Now we'll listen to Wilhelmj."

Very few persons noticed this little episode, and those who did see, thought nothing of it; a child's freak, that was all. But when the concert was over, and Alda, muffled to the chin in white fur, like a snow-sprite, came down the stairs with her father, there was Uncle Frank waiting for them.

She threw her arms around his neck and kissed him, but though the brothers exchanged a hand-clasp that spoke volumes, no words were possible till they were out of the crowd.

At the carriage-door Frank said, rather huskily, "Did you mean it, Francis?"

"Frank," replied his brother, "I do mean it with my whole heart, and may God forgive me for not having done it before!"

So the great Denham feud came to an end. The boys found each other delightful comrades, and wondered that they had never fraternized before. The wives exchanged receipts and confidences; the brothers renewed the amity of early days.

As for Alda, if she was not completely spoiled, it was due to the inherent sweetness of her nature, and not to her relatives, who thought nothing that could be done was enough for her.

"She hasn't a fault!" said her Uncle Frank.—*Youth's Companion.*

Facts About Cuba.

Cuba is about ripe or rotten enough to drop into the lap of Madame Columbia.

She is only a little over one hundred miles distant from Florida.

Each free family in Cuba must pay annually in direct or indirect taxes $500.

The yearly aggregate wrung from the inhabitants is 26,000,000.

The government is despotic, and the press is muzzled by the iron hand of power.

Cuba's last great revolution lasted eleven years, and cost Spain the lives of 150,000 soldiers.

The island is overrun with brigands, and financial ruin stares the people in the face.

Fifty thousand officials live off the taxes extorted from the Cubans.

Each retail merchant has to pay $300 a year for license.

Under President Polk this country offered Spain $100,000,000 for Cuba.

The world cannot show a richer or more productive spot than this island.

About one hundred marquises and counts reside in Cuba. These titles can be purchashed at $25,000 apiece.

The people are handsome, bright and brave. They are smaller than the Americans, and have black hair and olive complexions.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

The latest argument for the military drills in schools is that it teaches the boys to tread evenly instead of on the sides of their foot soles, and so saves the wear and tear of shoe leather to the extent, on an average, of one pair of boots a year.

THE "SAWDUST" SWINDLE.

A GAME IN WHICH SWINDLER AND VICTIM ARE BOTH DISHONEST.

Real Greenbacks Displayed but Only Sawdust Given to Men Who Want to Purchase Counterfeit Money.

The boodle game or sawdust swindle is the most popular of the schemes resorted to by confidence men. It is safer than almost any other system of deceiving, because it is practiced upon men whose cupidity overcomes their judgment, and who, in their desire to fleece others, become the dupes themselves. For this reason the sawdust swindler invariably escapes punishment, as in order to arrest him the victim is obliged to acknowledge his own dishonesty. The swindled customer of a sharper always prefers to quietly submit to his loss rather than receive the notoriety he would get if he made an attempt to punish the offender. As a retired operator of the game told the reporter, it is "the boss racket of the whole confidence business." A popular way in which it is operated is this:

NEW YORK, ——, 18—,

DEAR SIR: No doubt, you will think it strange how I obtained your name and address. It was as follows. My confidential agent, who passed through your town not long since, gave it to me. He said he thought you were a man who was in a position to handle my goods in safety, and I concluded to write to you; if I have made a mistake do me no harm, and let matters drop. My motto is, never harm a man who is willing to prove himself your friend. My business is not strictly legitimate, but the green articles I deal in are safe and profitable to handle. The sizes are ones, twos, fives, and tens. Do you understand? I cannot be plainer until I know you mean business; and if you conclude to answer this letter I will send you full particulars and terms, and will endeavor to satisfy you on every point, so that if you are my friend I will prove a true and lasting one to you, by the trade for $1 or $1,000. Remember, I do not want money in advance, as I do not transact business in that way. I want simply to convince you that I am just as I tell you, a friend to a friend. Yours in confidence,

* * *

The circular is neatly printed on good paper, and may be dated from any city in which the swindlers are temporarily living. By traveling through the country and making careful inquiries about the inhabitants, they are able to discover the men to whom a circular of this kind would prove an attractive bait. It is not often they make a mistake, and their business is very profitable and comparatively safe. The name signed at the bottom of the circular is a fictitious one, and the address given is that of a saloon of questionable reputation.

The person who receives the circular is fired in an instant with dishonest desire to gain wealth. He sees the necessity of caution, however, and he addresses the person who has written him a cautious letter of inquiry: "What are the queer articles which you mention? What uses are they intended for, and how does the opportunity present itself for making any money?" The reply to this is a direct invitation for him to come on in person, and to see for himself what the possibilities of making a fortune are. The result is that the man, dressed in his best clothes, soon makes his appearance in the city, and seeks out the particular saloon to which he has been directed. He notices that the name over the doorway is not the same to which he was directed, and he looks again, and finds that he is to direct "in the care of Mr. Trick." This reassures him and entering the saloon he approaches the oily-haired bartender and asks for Mr. Trick.

The bartender scratches his head, looks puzzled, and mutters apparently to himself, "Trick—Trick—Mr. Trick—No—er. I don't know any Mr. Trick!" Then he calls to some men who are playing cards in a back room:

"Say, boys, do you know anybody named Trick around here?"

"No's" come in chorus from the back room, and a confederate makes his appearance in the doorway, and critically examines the visitor. The examination is soon over, and the confederate approaches the stranger, and in a smooth to ne addresses him:

"Do you want to see Mr. Trick? Well, he used to hang around here, but he's moved."

While the stranger is thinking how strange it is that he is not able to find the man who sent for him, somebody comes up softly behind him and slaps him on the back. Turning around the stranger sees the glib-tongued "steerer," who grasps him by the hand and says:

"Pardon my familiarity, but ain't you the gentleman who is looking for Mr. Trick?"

"Yes, I'm the feller," answers the man. "P'raps ye kin tell whar ter find him."

"Bet I can," exclaims the handshaker. "I'm the one that can take you to Mr. Trick, and right away. I'm going there now. But let's have a drink first."

The man goes with his new companion to a saloon, and after draining their glasses they set out for the office of Mr. Trick.

The quarters of the confidence men are a little office with not much furniture in it. Over the door there is some other name than Mr. Trick's. The handshaker knocks in a peculiar way on the door, which is opened a few inches, and an eye looks out. As soon as the handshaker and his victim are seen the door is opened. The stranger is now in the sawdust den, and is immediately introduced to Mr. Trick. Mr. Trick sets up cigars and spirits for the visitor and makes himself sociable. Soon he says to the countryman:

"Well, my friend, would you like to look at the green articles?"

The man signifies his readiness, and Mr. Trick without any delay dives down into his trousers pocket and draws out a large roll of bills. They are of all denominations, from one dollar up to twenty, and are bright, fresh, crisp, and clean. It is hardly necessary to say that these notes are genuine money, and have been obtained from the sub-treasury not many days before in exchange for old bills. The man's eyes open wide at the exhibition, and Mr. Trick, spreading out some bills on the desk, says in a business-like way:

"There is some of the crooked stuff. Sell it to you for thirty cents on the dollar—twenty-five down, and the other five after the stuff is delivered. We flatter ourselves that these goods are pretty well done. Just pick up one, and see what you think of it."

The man takes up several bills and examines them critically. He is astonished. Pulling out some bills from his own pocket, he places them beside the supposed counterfeits, and finds to his delight that the likeness is perfect in detail.

"They're es like es two peas," he blurts out, unable to control his admiration.

"You bet your bottom dollar they are," says Mr. Trick, complacently, and then, to urge the trade, he adds: "If you have any doubts about the 'queer' being negotiable anywhere, why, we'll just go out and try one. Give 'em a test, you know, and that'll settle it."

The stranger is willing, and the party go into the street. A jewelry store is selected by the visitor. Entering the shop and looking over the glittering displays, a ring strikes his fancy, and Mr. Trick takes out his roll of bills and hands over to the storekeeper one of his genuine notes, which the stranger supposes to be counterfeit. The man watches the jeweler, but everything is all right. The shopkeeper merely glances at the money and places it in a drawer, thanking the visitors for their purchase. When the man reaches the sidewalk he roars with laughter, and is joined in his mirth by Mr. Trick. The net is now thrown over the stranger.

"Well, you've seen how the pictures work," says Mr. Trick, after they are back again in his office; "how much do you want of the stuff?"

Nearly always the victim will desire from $300 to $500 worth of the counterfeits. What seems a roll of them is handed to him, but it is a roll of waste paper with a few counterfeits on the outside, and a genuine note for a wrapper. Of course his own good money has been paid in advance, and the transaction being now consummated Mr. Trick has no further use for the victim, and drops him as soon as possible.

Or again, when the amount purchased is large, the sharpers secure an old carpet bag, and, stuffing it with paper, hand it to the green victim to carry. One of the gang accompanies him on his way to the depot, and no opportunity is allowed him to gaze inside the valise until he is on the train, and by that time the swindlers have fled. Frequently the trick is to put genuine money into a bag in sight of the victim, and then exchange the bag for one filled with bogus notes through a secret panel in the wall. That was the method adopted by Tom Davis, in the working of which he was shot dead by the Texan, James T. Holland. Sometimes the victim is allowed to carry a bag of genuine money through the street on his way to the depot, when the member of the gang who accompanies him suggests that it would be better for him to carry the bag because if they should chance to be arrested the law could hold responsible only the one who had the bag in his possession. He asks the stranger to step into a hallway he designates, and there the victim surrenders the bag to the confidence man, who exchanges it with a confederate in hiding behind the door for one filled with worthless stuff. Before the train that the victim boards starts, the swindler gives him back the bag.

When the order given for counterfeit goods is very large, the swindlers arrange it to send the goods by express, C. O. D. This meets with the approval of the victim, and he unhesitatingly advances the twenty-five per cent., with the understanding that the balance is to be paid when the goods are received. In this case the box, which in due time is received by the expectant purchaser, contains nothing more valuable than a superior article of pure and simple sawdust.

Another trick of the sawdust men is to advise the victim to check his bag of supposed counterfeits at the railway station. When he gets to the end of his journey and opens his bag to look again at the bogus notes, he finds that it contains only iron car couplings and engine waste. He writes back, and the swindlers inform him that he must have been robbed by the railroad. They offer, in consideration of his loss, to sell him some more counterfeit money at a reduced rate. Back comes the victim to New York, and into the den of the sawdust men, where he is swindled again without any difficulty to speak of.—*New York Sun.*

Tell and Gessler are Myths.

The story of William Tell and the shooting of the apple from his son's head is now generally acknowledged, even in Switzerland, to be legendary. It first occurs in the chronicle of Melchior Russ, who wrote at the end of the fifteenth century, i. e., about 170 years after its reputed occurrence. The absence of any reference to it in contemporary records caused doubt to be thrown upon it three centures ago. Guillimann, the author of a work on Swiss antiquities, published in 1598, calls it a fable, but subscribes to the current belief in it because the tale is so popular. The race to which he belonged is not yet extinct. A century and a half later a more fearless skeptic, who said that the story was of Danish origin, was condemned by the canton of Uri to be burned alive, and in the well timed absence of the offender his book was ordered to be burnt by the common hangman. But the truth is great, and prevails. G. von Wyss, the Swiss historian, has pointed out that the name of Wilhelm Tell does not occur even once in the history of the three cantons, neither is there any trace that a Vogt named Gessler ever served the house of Hapsburg there. Moreover, the legend does not correspond to any fact of a period of oppression of the Swiss at the hands of their Austrian rulers. The lesson, however, that it teaches is a good one.

An Electrified Crowd.

A broken electric light wire at State and Harrison streets, Chicago, became connected one night recently with an iron pillar. This passed the electric current along a hand railing, and it returning by another railing made a complete circuit. A negro came along and leaned wearily against the railing. Then he bristled up with energy. His arms were closed around the railing and his body was bent like a letter S. He had no idea what was the matter with him, and being unable to let go his hold, cried out loudly that he was dying. A dozen men ran to his assistance and were soon experiencing the tingling effect of the electricity. Some laughed, others cried and many called for help. A crowd soon gathered and a few additional victims were hanging to the railing. Finally the crowd numbered nearly 500. Cars were stopped and no one could get past. A police wagon arrived just as an enterprising man had discovered the cause of the trouble and released the victims by disconnecting the wire.

Young alligators are raised and tamed for Northern visitors by a Sanford (Fla.) man, who finds it quite a lucrative business. He has now a hundred of the animals under training, and reports his sales last season would have been five times that number could he have procured the alligators.

According to the London *Lancet*, the recent visit to America of Doctor Keith, who came to perform a surgical operation, is the first instance since the signing of the Declaration of Independance of an American having summoned medical aid from the old country.

THE DEALERS IN STOCKS.

NEW YORK STOCK BROKERS AND THEIR PAY.

Three Classes of Brokers—Heavy Compensation—Average Amount Made by the 1,100 Brokers.

Generally speaking, brokers are of three classes. The first does a regular commission business; never speculates, except on occasions, and succeds best. The second are the scalpers, who buy and sell in the hope of making one-eighth or one-quarter of one per cent. profit. These are the physiognomists of the institution. Reading the faces of associates who have large orders, they buy with the intention of selling to them at a rise. The scalpers are busiest when there are more brokers than business. Too smart to live, they usually die of pecuniary atrophy. The guerrillas are a sub-class of the scalpers, few in number, and by making specialty of dealing in inactive stocks have formerly fixed the unsavory appellations of "hell's kitchen" and "robbers' roost" upon certain localities of the floor. The third class is composed of traders in particular stocks, by whose rise and fall they strive to enrich themselves, in some instances closing contracts every day. One trader in Northwest for sixteen years is said to have accumulated a handsome fortune. The ideal broker is cool, imperturbable, unreadable, knowing or accurately guessing the movements of the great operators, able to buy the most stock with the least fluctuation, covering his tracks in the execution of a large order by purchasing in small quantities, and by shrewd selling at the same time. Washington E. Conner, partner and broker of Jay Gould, does presumably the largest brokerage business in the Exchange.

The compensation paid to commission brokers ought to be satisfactory. It is one-eighth of one per cent. upon the purchase and upon the sale of all securities other than government bonds, estimated at par value, when made for a party who is not a member of the Exchange. No business can be done for less than this rate to non-members. The minimum rate charged to members is one-thirty-second of one per cent., except where one member merely buys or sells for another (giving up his principal on the day of the transaction), and does not receive or deliver the stock, in which case the rate must not be less than one-fiftieth of one per cent. The commission on mining stocks selling in the market at $5 per share or less is $3.12½ per 100 shares; if at more than $5, and not over $10 per share, $6.25; if more than $10 per share, $12.50. To members of the Exchange the minimum commission charged is $2 per 100 shares. Contracts for a longer period than three days carry six per cent. interest. Any violation, direct or indirect, of these laws—even the offering to do business at less than these rates—is punishable by expulsion from the Exchange, and sale forthwith by the committee on admissions of the membership of the offender. The commission broker who carries stock for his customer and furnishes most of the money occasionally charges one-fourth of one per cent., or $25 per 100 shares. Ten bonds, at par of $1,000 each, are reckoned equivalent to 100 shares, and are subject to the same commissions.

What compensation will these rates afford to brokers? For the year ending December 31, 1881, the transactions of the Stock Exchange are computed to have amounted to $12,816,246,600. Checks for this enormous amount were drawn and paid. The commissions thereon at one-fourth of one per cent. would be $32,040,616; which, divided equally among 1,100 brokers, would give to each the snug little sum of $29,127. This, as related to the cost of his seat, is almost or quite equal to the Israelite's "shent per shent." Not all the brokers receive this remuneration; some receive five or six times as much. Profit is proportioned to size of sales and purchases. It is impossible, without possession of an abstract of each broker's business, to accurately estimate the amount of fictitious sales, or sales on "margins," as compared with sales to bona fide investors. It can not, we judge, be less, and is probably much more than one-half of the whole.—*R. Wheatley, in Harper.*

How Good Writing is Acquired.

Writing to be good must be legible and rapid; to be legible it must have good form, and to be rapid it must be simple in its construction as regards forms and their combination, and it should be small, since it is obvious that the pen can be carried over short spaces easier and more rapidly than long ones; and it should have little shade, and be written with a pen above medium for coarseness that the unshaded lines may have the requisite strength. I shall speak more specifically respecting form, leaving movement and other essentials to speakers who may follow me. As a rule, there should be but one form used for each letter of the alphabet, and especially should this be true of a copy for learners, having a single standard form, the teacher will not only repeat it with greater accuracy, but the pupil will more readily comprehend and master it. Letters and words should be critically analyzed at the blackboard. This will greatly aid the pupil to acquire a clear and complete mental conception of good letters and their proper combination. Many pupils learn to write through the shere power of imitating the copy before them, but not having a high mental conception of their copies, when they are removed, their writing at once degenerates; the hand is without a definite model and strikes at random, and produces doubtful results. While the pupil, who through analytic study and practice, comes soon to have a clear conception of what he would do, thus is presented to the hand an ever present model for which it will strike and ultimately attain.—*Penman's Art Journal.*

The Care of Baby Eyes.

The two muscles—a set for each eye—act in perfect correlation, and enable the organ in an instant of time to cover an infinite range of vision. No fine adjustment of the telescope, no system of lenses and prisms, can accomplish this feat in an instant of time.

The utmost caution is therefore imperatively demanded of every person to whom is consigned the care of the young child from infancy to perhaps the third year of life. It is during this time that damage to the muscular apparatus of the eye may be done. The mother or nurse is eager to have baby see everything from the nursery window, or from a carriage or car. How many tired heads, languid eyes, and disordered tempers result from this mistake!—*Dr. E. S. Peck, in Babyland.*

A philanthropic Pittsburger has opened a type-setting school for newsboys.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

From nearly 400 singers, including no Germans or Italians, Dr. Lennox Browne has secured testimony that the use of alcohol and tobacco injures the singing voice.

Two microscopists, Dr. Nussbaum and Dr. Gruber, have artificially multiplied infusoria by cutting them in halves, each half becoming a perfectly developed animal.

If a four-inch and a two-inch shaft are both solid, and each makes 100 or any other given number of turns in one minute or other specified time, six times as much power will be consumed in turning the larger as in the smaller shaft.

A new alloy called platinoid, expected to prove very useful in the arts, is said to be practically untarnishable and hardly distinguishable from silver. Its composition is essentially that of German silver—which is an alloy of 100 parts of copper, sixty of tin and forty of nickle—with the addition of one or two per cent. of tungsten.

Cast iron, if heated for several days to a temperature of from 900 degrees to 1,000 degrees Centigrade neither melts nor softens, but is converted into malleable iron, and its surface is covered with a grayish efflorescence. Its fracture sometimes presents a uniform black, like that of a lead pencil, and is sometimes riddled with large black points which are regularly distributed in the metallic paste.

At a recent meeting of the French Academy of Sciences, Colladon corrected a popular belief by remarking that the presence of masses of metal in a building does not add to the risk of being struck by lightning, provided the metal is not connected with the ground by a good electric conductor. In case the building is struck, however, combustibles near the metal are liable to be set on fire.

The signal service officers at Washington conclude from careful observation: 1. That hail falls ordinarily with a pressure much below the normal, and in a position 200 or 300 miles southeast of the centre of barometric depression (cyclone centre.) 2. That thunder storms advance from west to east and southeast, generally accompanying a cyclone depression in its southeast quadrant, 400 or 500 miles from the centre. 3. That their action seems to die down at night and begin again in the morning, and often spreads in a fan shape to southeast and east. 4. That the velocity of the thunder storm's advance is greater than that of the accompanying cyclone depression.

WISE WORDS.

If we had but more faith, we should have less care.

We often do more good by our sympathy than by our labors.

Death is the dropping of the flower that the fruit may swell.

It takes two women, his mother and his wife to make a great man.

A propensity to hope and joy is real riches; one to fear and sorrow, real poverty.

If we can not live so as to be happy, let us at least live so as to deserve happiness.

If thou desirest ease, in the first place take care of the ease of thy mind, for that will make other sufferings easy.

Hurry and Cunning are two apprentices of Dispatch and Skill, but neither of them ever learned their master's trade.

Some are brave one day and cowards another, as great captains have often told from their own experience and observation.

Learning maketh young men temperate, is the comfort of old age, standing for wealth with poverty and serving as an ornament to riches.

Let us remember those that want necessaries, as we ourselves should have desired to be remembered had it been our sad lot to subsist on other men's charity.

At the gates of the forest the surprised man of the world is forced to leave his city's estimate of great and small, wise and foolish. The knapsack of custom falls off his back with the first step he makes into their precincts.

The memory, like the hands and the tongue and the other members, is a willing servant, and will do what we bid it do. If we train it to do honest yeoman's service, it will continue to do it; but if we let it fall into a careless way, it will be difficult, and may be impossible to break it of the habit.

There Was Money In It.

Not so many years ago but that most readers can easily remember it, the idea of the telephone was looked upon as a visionary scheme that never would amount to anything, practically. At that time, many of those that believed in the invention, and bought all the stock they could in the Bell telephone company, were very poorly off in consequence; but they held on to their stock and now they have their reward.

Professor Bell, the inventor, has a snug fortune of five millions. Mr. Blake bids poverty defiance from behind an intrenchment of four millions. Mr. W. H. Forbes is credited with about as much as both of these gentlemen together, and Mr. G. G. Hubbard enjoys as the reward of his early foresight and courage upward of three millions. Mr. Theodore N. Vail, who was at one time an operator, devotes the little time he spares from the general management of the American Bell telephone company to the care of a private fortune estimated at not less than four millions. It is also said that among the telephone millionaires must be placed Alexander Cochran and C. P. Bowditch with about three millions each, and Thomas Sanders with not less than two and a half millions. There are many others beside these mentioned.

Many large manufacturing concerns have done an immense and profitable business in connection with the telephone. The Western Union Telegraph company draws annually now about $400,000 as royalty from the American Bell company, and wants more.

The various sums just mentioned foot up nearly forty million dollars; a quarter of that sum would be a magnificent yield from an enterprise only nine years old. The patent is supposed to be worth twenty-five million dollars, and the money now invested in operating the telephone is over one hundred million dollars. When the full history of the early days of the telephone in America is written, it will be as thrilling as a romance.—*Treasure Trove.*

A black Pilgrim of the Hebrew faith was seen in Jerusalem lately. He was from Cochin, India.

The skull is better able to resist the ravages of decay than any other bone.

LITTLE THINGS.

A simple rhyme, a childish grief,
A blossom on a lover's tomb,
A bud expanding into leaf,
A dewdrop in a clover bloom;
How sweet, how sad, how wondrous fair,
How soon forgot, how quick to fade!
The song, the bloom, the infant care,
Pass like the play of sun and shade.

But in their passage quicken thought—
As sunbeams melt on field and plain
And leave their slightest impress wrought
In blooming grass and ripening grain—
And though each individual form
Grows indistinct, its glow remains,
A halo round us in the storm,
A genial warmth that fills our veins.

The critic comes with awful frown
To crush the poet, like a gnat;
Frost nips the tender blossoms down,
And childish griefs, for this and that,
Are merged in Sorrow's large estate,
That widens round our frosted heads;
And yet the varied web of fate
Is woven of such slender threads.

The little things of time are most
Secure of influence, promise, power;
The flying seed, the insect host,
Dissolving dew and transient shower;
They multiply, build up, tear down,
And write their excellence and grace
On arid waste and mountain brown,
Till nought is bare nor common-place.

So little murmurs, joined in song,
Light bubbles that in music break—
When youth is glad and days are long—
In low, soft ecstacies, may wake
The living chords of that sweet lyre
Which trembles in the human heart
And prompts the genius to aspire,
The man to act a noble part.

Then, Scorner, spare the little things!
From atoms all the worlds are wrought,
Peasants may dwindle into kings,
Or wits give birth to humorous thought;
The great be small, the small be great;
And yet through all life's varied throng
This truth holds fast as death or fate,
The humble ever are the strong.
—Benj. S. Parker, in the Current.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

High-toned—a fife.

Jokes on the scalskin sacque are said to be fur-fetched.

Love's warning cry: "Don't, Jack; you hurt my vaccination.

THE UNSUCCESSFUL MERCHANT.
He failed, and no one was surprised,
Because he never advertised.
—Boston Courier.

A minister, having some of his old sermons, was asked what he had in his package. "Dried tongue," was the reply.

A magazine writer affirms that there is no such thing as absolute silence. If the man is married he is right about it. —*Chicago Ledger.*

A celebrated manufacturer of mustard said that he made his money, not out of the mustard eaten, but out of the mustard left on the plate.

No robins in the cedar pipe,
But every turkey's getting ripe,
And while the leaflets dance a jig,
We dream about the crackling pig.

The opinions now held by physicians that "raw cow's milk is better for children than boiled" is very gratifying, as a raw cow gives much more milk than a boiled one.

It is said that if insanity is latent in a persons, it will almost always develop itself at sea. Nearly everything in a person

The People's Press.

SALEM, N. C.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1885.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Salem N.C.]

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Salem, N. C., Jan. 5, 1885.

DEATH of the VICE-PRESIDENT.

The Vice-President of the United States, Thomas A. Hendricks, died at his residence in Indianapolis, Ind., a few moments before 5 o'clock on the afternoon of November 25th. He returned from a visit to Chicago during the week, complaining of feeling unwell. On the night previous to his death he and Mrs. Hendricks attended a reception at the residence of Hon. John J. Cooper, and after his return home complained of pains in his side and stomach. Next morning, being no better, his family physician was called in, but could afford no relief. He was confined to his room all day but received no callers. Mrs. Hendricks left his bedside to see a caller for a few minutes in the parlor. She was detained longer than she expected and when she returned Mr. Hendricks was dead. He died of paralysis of the brain. As the news spread through the city all the fire and other bells in the city were tolled sixty-six times, one stroke for each year of his life. Manifestations of sorrow are universal, as the deceased was personally known to a large number of people, irrespective of party, with whom he was a favorite.

The body was lying in state in the Courthouse at Indianapolis all day on Monday, and was visited by thousands of people.

His funeral took place on Tuesday with great demonstrations of respect.

In respect to the memory of the dead the President issued his proclamation ordering the national flag to be displayed at half-mast upon all the public buildings of the United States; that the executive mansion and the departments in Washington be closed on the day of the funeral, and be draped in mourning for 30 days.

Committees from the Senate and House of Representatives and heads of the departments attended the funeral.

Mr. Hendricks was a member of the Indiana Legislature in 1848, and represented his district in Congress from 1851 to 1855. He was U. S. Senator from 1863 to 1869, and was the acknowledged leader of the Democratic party in the Senate. He was elected Governor of Indiana in 1872. In 1876 he was on the Presidential ticket with Tilden, and last year was elected with Cleveland. He was popular at home, where he was loved by all, and commanded the respect of his opponents.

—Some days since it was reported that the Servian and Bulgarian war was about to be closed, if Servia pays the indemnity. Latest foreign dates of Nov. 30th, are to the effect that Servia is willing to accept peace without payment of indemnity, and that she will refuse to give either money or territory as a price of peace

It appears Servia is not in favor of an armistic with Bulgaria.

THE BAPTISTS.—The statistical report shows 91,947 Baptist communicants in connection with the churches represented at their Convention at Reidsville, 18,334 in Western North Carolina, 1,143 in Waccamaw Association, and 110,699 colored Baptists, making a total of 222,123 in the State. Twenty two new churches, the average cost of which was $800, have been built and paid for this year. $41,949.90 were expended for State mission work.

The report on foreign missions showed that $5,335.93 had been raised.

The Sunday school report shows twenty-four new schools organized; total number of schools 775; number of attendants 60,000. Receipts of the board $5,631.04.

Wake Forest College has an endowment fund of over $100,000, and that over $7,000 has been paid for building up the orphanage near Thomasville.

A Captain's Fortunate Discovery.

Capt. Coleman, schr. Weymouth, plying between Atlantic City and N. Y., had been troubled with a cough so that he was unable to sleep and was induced to try Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. It not only gave him instant relief, but allayed the extreme soreness in his breast. His children were similarly affected and a single dose had the same happy effect. Dr. King's New Discovery is now the standard remedy in the Coleman household and on board the schooner.

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THE METHODISTS.—In the Methodist Conference in session at Charlotte, Rev. J. B. Carpenter, statistical secretary of the Conference submitted his statistical report for the past year, as follows:

Number of members 77,351, a gain of 2,463.

Number of Sunday Schools 833, a gain of 12.

Number of Sunday School scholars 45,040.

Number of parsonages 102, a gain of 4.

Value of parsonages $140,910, a gain of $11,045.

Number of churches 867½, a gain of 21.

Value of churches $984,290, a gain of $49,998.

Number of infants baptized 2,467.

Number of adults baptized 3,017.

We learn from the Charlotte *Observer*, that the question of a division of the N. C. Conference of the M. E. church in session at Charlotte, was on Monday decided in the negative by a majority vote of both the clerical and lay delegates. The former voting down the proposition by a majority of 9, and the latter by 15.

CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTERS FROM OUR FRIENDS.

A Trip to Ashe County.

We found Mr. Abshur, who keeps a store along side of our road, a most accommodating and obliging gentleman. First we had dinner at his house and there we learned, as we experienced during all the rest of our sojourn in Ashe County—that here is a land of plenty of very good milk and butter. Meanwhile Mr. Abshur had contrived, not without considerable trouble, for his regular team had gone to Statesville for goods, to let us have for moderate hire, a fine 2 seated buggy, with 2 horses and a driver to take us to Mr. Hamilton's place the same afternoon.

To cut my long story short—we now enjoyed our drive for the last 8 miles as well for a change as we had enjoyed our long walk from Salem. And since we had had time and opportunity at Abshur's store to "brush up" as the common saying is, i. e., to cleanse our pedestals from all traces of the muddy road and otherwise to wipe off the visible effects of our journey, we could enjoy this last piece of our road at least as well as if we had been driving the whole way—in fact better, much better, than if we had been cramped and tired from being cooped up and at the same time constantly shaken for 3 days. This reminds me of the miser who would eat no butter except on the last piece of bread, because this left him the impression that he had been eating butter all along. Our road lay through magnificent scenery for a long way along the beautiful New River, and then along the Beaver Creek. We traveled along gaily, for our rigout was light and fine, our driver a sprightly young man and an excellent "whip," and one of the horses was especially young and frolicksome, in fact, as one of the standers before the door expressed himself the next day (he had seen us driving up on arriving) "a regular flirt" of a young horse. We saw and recognized the jolly face of the Professor—who had been spying out for us perhaps from before the time when we started in the buggy—long before he could believe his senses and recognize us. Here we came up more successfully than Mrs. Raddle, of Pickwick celebrity—dashed up before Mrs. Bardell's house "with the red door"—and we alighted just as fresh as if we were returning from a little pleasure ride. Could we be the same persons whom he had expected to see hobbling up, footsore, bespattered and nearly broken up from fatigue and exertion?

For the next 4 nights and 3 days we enjoyed the noble hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Ruf. Hamilton. They live in a beautiful new house, surrounded by most romantic scenery, and everything about their house and whole property seems to be choice, perfectly neat, abundant and of the best.

How we spent those days there in ascending high mountains, in viewing Mica mines, in eating cherries from large trees,—in Ashe County fruit ripens later than with us—and how we visited the County seat, the neat town of Jefferson—and how kindly we were received there at the house of a former graduate of Salem Female Academy, etc. etc., all this to describe minutely—I feel not in a mood just now—I hardly have the time for doing so. I feel I ought to go at such a task as at a new task with fresh strength.

Enough that the sense of being far away from home, without any possible means of communication, overpowered me to such a degree as to become paramount. To expedite our return I chose to go back by the same road that we had come, hiring a conveyance for the first day's journey. The rest was again all footwork, pleasant though and strengthening. My hope, that by much walking I should succeed to reduce the great weight of my body, remained unfulfilled. Otherwise we arrived at home, physically in the best possible condition.

My heart's feelings, when we came to within 1 mile of Salem—I shall never forget! The sequence, alas, showed them to have been well founded. Thanks God, we found the Little Ones at home well, and all the rest as well as could be expected. Give room yet, kind and patient Mr. Editor to the little quotation which expresses my heart's wishes for the next year: Post nebula Phoebus! and with best thanks for your kind forbearance, dear Editor and gentle Reader, I will say: here ends my tale. ARECA.

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More than 200,000 Copies Monthly.

Among the features for the coming volume, which begin with the November number, are

The War Papers
By General Grant and Others.

These will be continued (most of them illustrated) until the chief events of the Civil War have been described by leading participants on both sides. General Grant's papers include descriptions of the battles of Chattanooga and the Wilderness. General McClellan will write of Antietam, General D. C. Buell of Shiloh, Generals Pope, Longstreet and others of the Second Bull Run, etc., etc. Naval combats, including the fight between the *Kearsarge* and the *Alabama*, by officers of both ships, will be described.

The "Recollections of a Private" and special war papers of an anecdotal or humorous character will be the features of the year.

Serial Stories by
W. D. Howells, Mary Hallock Foote, and George W. Cable.

Mr. Howells's serial will be in lighter vein than "The Rise of Silas Lapham." Mrs. Foote's is a story of mining life, and Mr. Cable's a novelette of the Acadians of Louisiana. Mr. Cable will also contribute a series of papers on Slave songs and dances, including negro serpent-worship, etc

SPECIAL FEATURES.

Include "A Tricycle Pilgrimage to Rome," illustrated by Penrell; Historical Papers by Edward Eggleston, and others; Papers on Persia, by S. G. W. Benjamin, lately U. S. minister, with numerous illustrations; Astronomical Articles, practical and popular, on "Sidereal Astronomy"; Papers on Christian Unity by representatives of various religious denominations; Papers on Manual Education, by various experts, etc., etc.

SHORT STORIES

By Frank R. Stockton, Mrs. Helen Jackson (H. H.), Mrs. Mary Hallock Foote, Joel Chandler Harris, H. H. Boyesen, T. A. Janvier, Julian Hawthorne, Richard M. Johnston, and others; and poems by leading poets. The Departments,—"Open Letters," "Bric-a Brac," etc., will be fully sustained.

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1886.
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Every one who desires a trustworthy political guide an entertaining and instructive family journal entirely free from objectionable features in either letter-press or illustrations, should subscribe to HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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1886.
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ILLUSTRATED.

HARPER'S BAZAR is the only paper in the world that combines the choicest literature and the finest art illustrations with the latest fashions and methods of household adornment. Its weekly illustrations and descriptions of the newest Paris and New York styles with its useful pattern-sheet supplements and cut patterns, by enabling ladies to be their own dressmakers, save many times the cost of supscription. Its papers on cooking, the management of servants and house-keeping in its various details are eminently practical. Much attention is given to the interesting topic of social etiquette, and its illustrations of art needle-work are acknowledged to be unequalled. Its literary merit is of the highest excellence, and the unique character of its humorous pictures has won for it the name of the American *Punch*.

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AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

The position on HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE as the leading weekly periodical for young readers is well established. The publishers spare no pains to provide the best and most attractive reading and illustrations. The serial and short stories have strong dramatic interest, while they are entirely free from whatever is pernicious or merely sensational; the papers on natural history and science, travel and the facts of life, are by writers whose names give the best assurance of accuracy and value. Illustrated papers on athletic sports, games, and pastimes give full information on these subjects. There is nothing cheap about it but its price.

An epitome of everything that is attractive and desirable in juvenile literature.—*Boston Courier.*

A weekly feast of good things to the boys and girls in every family which it visits.—*Brooklyn Union.*

It is wonderful in its wealth of pictures, information, and interest.—*Christian Advocate, N. Y.*

TERMS: Postage Prepaid. $2 Per Year.

Vol. VI. commences November 4, 1885.

SINGLE NUMBERS, Five Cents each.

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THE MOST WONDERFUL FAMILY REMEDY EVER KNOWN.

FOR INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL USE.

CURES—Diphtheria, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Bleeding at the Lungs, Hoarseness, Influenza, Hacking Cough, Whooping Cough, Catarrh, Cholera Morbus, Dysentery, Chronic Diarrhœa, Kidney Troubles, and Spinal Diseases. Pamphlet free. Dr. I. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass.

PARSONS' PILLS
MAKE NEW, RICH BLOOD.

These pills were a wonderful discovery. No others like them in the world. Will positively cure or relieve all manner of disease. The information around each box is worth ten times the cost of a box of pills. Find out about them and you will always be thankful. One pill a dose. Illustrated pamphlet free. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25c. in stamps. Dr. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., 22 C.H. ST., Boston.

Sheridan's Condition Powder is absolutely pure and highly concentrated. One ounce is worth a pound of any other kind. It is strictly a medicine to be given with food. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25 cents in stamps. 2 1-4 lb. air-tight tin cans, $1; by mail, $1.20. Six cans by express, prepaid, for $5.00.

MAKE HENS LAY

Nothing on earth will make hens lay like it. It cures chicken cholera and all diseases of hens. Is worth its weight in gold. Illustrated book by mail free.

DR. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston.

Godey's LADY'S BOOK
AND
THE PEOPLE'S PRESS

BOTH FOR ONE YEAR, $3.00.

Each month for 1886 GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK, "the old reliable magazine," will contain a beautifully engraved frontispiece, illustrations of prevailing fashions in colors and black and white, designs of the latest novelties in fancy work in colors or black and white, of Berlin work, crochet, drawn-thread work, embroidery, knitting, knotting or macrame, lace, netting, Poonah painting and tatting, with complete instruction for the same. In addition to plain directions and perfect illustrations of the various stitches, and instructions in different kinds of fancy work, the magazine will contain many useful and elegant designs for a great variety of articles not affected by changes of fashion. It is so admirably adapted to its purpose as to be indispensable to the work-table of every lady. A FULL SIZE CUT PAPER PATTERN, of which you can make your own selection from any design illustrated in the magazine, FREE OF COST, exhaustive notes on fashions with full description of those illustrated, a department of recipes that have been practically tested before publication, a department on housekeeping and dressmaking, two pages of select music, an architectural design, a department of agriculture, besides novels, novelettes, stories, history, biographical sketches, poetry, notes on music, art, literature, scientific miscellany and current events of the day by the best magazine writers. The mechanical production of the book will excel that of any other $2 00 magazine published. The twelve books during the year will constitute a volume of over one thousand pages. Price $2.00. A sample copy 15 cents. Liberal terms to club raisers.

Address,
GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK,
P. O. Box H H, PHILADELPHIA.

LOOK OUT.

I am daily receiving my FALL and WINTER GOODS, all of which have been bought at

EXTREMELY LOW FIGURES.

Large lot CASIMERES, KERSEYS, JEANS, SHIRTINGS, DOMESTIC, CALICO and LADIES DRESS GOODS. Also NOTIONS, ALL WOOL SHAWLS VERY CHEAP. MISSES and CHILDREN'S HOODS.
Large Stock HATS and CAPS, MEN'S and BOYS BOOTS, MEN'S, LADIES, MISSES, BOYS and CHILDREN'S SHOES,

RED SOLE LEATHER,

SUGAR, COFFEE, NOTIONS, SYRUP, MEAT, LARD, FISH and FANCY GROCERIES. Also DRUGS and SPICES, CROCKERY and GLASSWARE.

I AM AGENT FOR
DISSOLVED BONE PHOSPHATE
FOR WHEAT,
PRICE ONLY $2.75 PER SACK.
It is highly recommended for Wheat and Grasses.
DON'T FAIL TO TRY IT.

Thanking my friends and customers for their liberal support in past and hope by honest and fair dealings to merit a continuance of your esteemed favors, I am

Very Respectfully
D. S. REID.

Winston, N. C., Sept. 17th, 1885.

HOLIDAY GOODS.

CAN ALWAYS BE FOUND
AT THE SALEM BOOK STORE

CHRISTMAS AND BIRTHDAY CARDS.

L. V. & E. T BLUM, PROPRIETORS.

CATALOGUE FREE.

Send your name and address for the CEDAR COVE NURSERIES CATALOGUE, representing an immense stock of most beautiful

TREES, VINES AND PLANTS.

Over One Million Trees, Vines and Plants for permanent orchard planting, and stock for Nurserymen.

Every variety of Apple, Peach, Pear, Cherry, Apricot, Plum, Nectarines, Grapes, Strawberries, or any other kind of fruits that is worth growing can be supplied.

Orders solicited from all planters.

Address
N. W. CRAFT.
SHORE, YADKIN CO., N. C.

Liver, Kidney or Stomach Trouble.

Symptoms: Impure blood, costive bowels, irregular appetite, sour belching, pains in side, back and heart, yellow urine, burning when urinating, clay-colored stools, bad breath, no desire for work, chills, fevers, irritability, whitish tongue, dry cough, dizzy head, with dull pain in back part, loss of memory, foggy sight. For these troubles "SWAYNE'S PILLS" are a sure cure. Box, (30 Pills) by mail, 25 cts., 5 for $1.00. Address, DR. SWAYNE & SON, Phila., Pa Sold by Druggists.

North Carolina, | In Superior Court
WILKES COUNTY. | Special Proceeding.

James H. Johnson and wife D. A. Johnson, against Mary Anderson, Wesley A. Anderson and others. | Petition to sell land for Partition.

Wesley A. Anderson, one of the defendants named in the above entitled action, is hereby required to appear before the Clerk of the Superior Court of Wilkes County, at his office in Wilkesboro, N. C., on the 23th day of November, 1885, and answer or demur to the complaint of the Plaintiff filed in the above entitled action.

Witness my hand and seal of said court, at office in Wilkesboro, N. C., Oct. 10, 1885.

I. S. CALL, C. S. C.
By E. O. MASTEN, D. C.
John S. Cranor, Att'y for Pl'ffs.

—Three lots in Winston for sale Enquire of
L. V. & E. T. BLUM.

OAK RIDGE INSTITUTE.
A FIRST CLASS
HIGH SCHOO AND BUSINESS COLLEG.

Special attention to all branches taught in High Schools proper. Full

ACADEMIC COURSE OF STUDY.

BUSINESS COLLEGE equal to any south of Washington. 214 students last year from various parts of the South. New Buildings, new Furniture, new Literary Society Halls, and a full corps of experienced teachers. Location in every way desirable. For Catalogue, &c., address

J. A. & M. H. HOLT.
Oak Ridge, N. C.

THE BEST OF
GARDEN SEEDS,
CROP OF 1884.
DIRECT FROM THE FARM.

WARRANTED:
Fresh, Pure and Sure to Grow,
OR MONEY REFUNDED.

MARKET GARDENERS should try these Seeds. PRICES LOWER THAN EVER BEFORE.

Seeds for the Children's Garden at 25 per cent. Discount.

The Choicest and Best Flower Seeds, just imported from Europe.

If you or the children want seeds, please send for my Catalogue for 1885, with directions for cultivating, FREE TO ALL.

Address, JOSEPH HARRIS,
MORETON FARM, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Coughs, Colds, Catarrh, Consumption.

All Throat, Breast, and Lung Affections cured by the old-established "SWAYNE'S WILD CHERRY." The first dose gives relief, and a cure speedily follows. 25 cts., or $1.00, at Druggists.

A. N. ZEVELY & SON,
Agents for Mail Contractors,
804 E STREET, N. W.,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

GEO. W. HINSHAW. WADE H. BYNUM.

HINSHAW & BYNUM,
Wholesale & Retail Merchants,
WINSTON, N. C.

FOR THE LADIES.

Have you examined our stock of Ladies, Misses' and Childrens' Goods since we moved them into a separate store room? If not you are very respectfully invited to call and examine our very large stock and prices. *We intend to make it to the interest of every lady in this country to give us a large share of her trade by giving her good goods, low prices and honest treatment.* Very Respectfully,
HINSHAW & BYNUM.

DRESS GOODS.

Black Dress Silks, 90 cts., $1.00, $1.60 and $1 75 per yard, Colored Dress Silks 60 to 80 cents per yard, Trimming Silks in all colors 65 to $2.00 per yard, Black, Navy Blue, Wine Color, Plum, Brown, Garnet, Olive Green and light shade Cashmeres at prices from 25 cents to $1.00 per yard. Black, Brown, Light Blue, Cream, Buff, Pink and colored Nuns' Veiling, Grey checked and other colors, Summer Flannels, Lace Buntings in all colors. Large assortment of plain and fancy Dress Goods, all colors and prices from 6 to 75 cents per yard, Black Alpaca of different grades, Solid Blue, Pink, Cream and Brown Lawn, large stock of figured Lawns, White and Linen Lawns, Cross Barred Muslin, Swiss Muslin, Jaconets, Nainsook, Cream and Pink Mull, Satteens, Chambrays, Ginghams, Zephyr Cloth, Seersuckers, Bonnet Checks in all colors, Dress Linens, White, figured and colored Piquets, Grass Cloths, Prints in great variety, Cambrics, Wigans, Crinoline, Corset Jeans, &c.

Cretonnes, colored and White Canton Flannels, Dress and sack flannels of all colors and grades, Red, White and Grey plain and twilled Flannels. Large stock of dress Linseys and Bellemont Plaids, Table Damask in different colors and Napkins to match, Linen table cloth white and colored and Napkins to match, ready-made table cloths of different sizes. Crash and Towels cheap to very good. Table Oil and shelf cloths. Full assortment plain and figured Counterpanes from 90 cents to $2.50 each. White and Grey Bed Blankets and Bed Quilts from 75 cents to $10.00 per pair. Bleached and Brown Domesties, Bleached and Brown Drills of every description at remarkably low prices, Black, Brown and Blue Velvets, Veiling, Musquito Netting, &c.

Cashmere Shawls, Saratoga Scarfs, Plain and Fancy Shawls of every color and price from 25 cents to $10.00 each, Jerseys plain and braided from $1.25 to $3.00 each, Skirts from 50 cents to $4.00 each, Parasols of latest styles and every color from 30 cents to $5.50 each, great variety of Fans from "give away" to $2.50 each, Canvass and Leather Belts of all colors, Mousquetaire Kid Gloves all colors, also the Foster Lace Kids, Taffeta Jersey, Lisles and Cotton Gloves of every description and price, Ladies', Misses' and Childrens' Silk, Lisle, Cotton and Merino Hosiery of every color and at prices from 5 cents to 75 cents per pair, Warner's Health, Cooley's Health, Tampico, Globe, Princess, Cleopatra, Paragon and other brands of Corsets for Ladies and Misses. Linen Ulsters, Gossamers and Hoop Skirt, Gauze and Merino Vests, &c.

Collars, Cuffs, Lace and Silk Ties, Crepe Lisse, Cotton and Silk Bobinets, Combs, Cloth, Hair and Tooth Brushes, Hair Pins and Ornaments, Thimbles, Needles, Spectacles and Cases, Purses, Satchels, Handkerchiefs in great variety, Cotton and Linen Braid, Skirt Braid, Novelty and Feather Braid, Linen and Silk Floss, Hamburg Edgings, Torchon, Oriental, Valenciennes, Spanish, Irish and all over Lace, Insertion, Swiss Embroidery and Everlasting Trimming, Black and colored Silk Fringe, Guimp, Cord Pasamentry, Ribbons and Velvet Trimmings in great variety, large assortment of Buttons, Ball Knitting and Sewing Cotton, Coat's Spool Cotton, Barbour's Linen Thread, Corticelli Silk and Twist, all shades, Laundry and Toilet Soaps, Cologne, Perfumery, Hair Oil, Bay Rum, Tooth Powders, Swanns' Down, Cascarilla and hundreds of other articles.

SHOES A SPECIALTY.

Opera Slippers, New Port Ties, Cloth and Foxed Lace and Button Gaiter Shoes, Morocco, Kid, Peb. Goat, Calf, Veal Calf, Pebble, Buff, Wax Kip Bals and other grades both lace and button for Children, Misses' and Ladies from 40 cents to $5.00 per pair.

For style, fit and durability T. Miles' Sons Philadelphia Handmade fine Shoes surpass all others and are for sale only by

HINSHAW & BYNUM.

We have sold thousands and thousands of the celebrated Bay State Shoes and have never heard a word of complaint. Our trade in them increases every month. We carry a very large assortment, and if you want a medium price Shoe they are the Shoes for you to buy. For sale only by HINSHAW & BYNUM.

We buy our Shoes by the package from manufacturers and sell more than any house in this section of the State and will give you as much or more real value for the money than you possible can get elsewhere.

Remember that every pair of T. Miles' Sons and Bay State Branded Shoes are fully warranted to wear well, not to rip and to give satisfaction.

LADIES TRUNKS FROM $2 TO $10 EACH.

All are cordially invited to come and see us.

Very Respectfully,
HINSHAW & BYNUM.

July 25th, 1885.

The People's Press.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1885.

LOCAL ITEMS.

AN EPITOME OF THE WEEK'S DOINGS.

Departure and arrival of Trains on the Salem Branch—N. W. N. C. R. R.

No. 9	Leaves Salem,	6.30 a. m.
" 10	Arrives "	11.25 a. m.
" 11	Leaves "	6.55 p. m.
" 12	Arrives "	1.17 a. m.

—All persons in arrears for the PRESS will please call and settle.

—Press, self-piler, for sale.

☞ Our subscribers who wish to pay their subscription in GOOD WOOD will please deliver it.

—The County Superintendent will attend at the Court-house in Winston on 2nd Thursday, Friday and Saturday of this month, for "the purpose of examining applicants for Teacher's Certificates."

—Last Sunday was the first Sunday in Advent.

—Weather cloudy, cold and disagreeable.

—Regret to learn that Samuel A. Hege is very sick.

—Rev. J. H. Clewell has returned from his Northern trip.

—Miss Ella Strupe returned home Saturday from a visit to Hope, Indiana.

—The opening of the Friend's meeting house at East Bend, Yadkin county, takes place to-day.

—We learn that a portion of Mr. Meinung's old carriage shop is being converted into store rooms.

—CLOCKS of all kinds and WALKING CANES, at BEVAN'S Jewelry Store, Main Street, Winston, N. C.

—Thanks to Mrs. Swift for some very nice sausage—Tuesday for breakfast.

—H. A. Lemly, we are sorry to learn, is confined to his room, being very unwell.

EGGS! EGGS!! EGGS!!!

GIERSH & SENSEMAN want 499,999 dozen immediately for which they will pay 18 cents cash, or 20 cents trade.

—Mrs. Clarence Crist presented us with some fine cake on the occasion of little Bessie's birthday.

—For ELEGANT JEWELRY, in endless variety, go to BEVAN, the Jeweler, Main Street, Winston, N. C.

—Winston has contracted with a New York company to supply that place with gas, within 9 months.

—H. W. Fries, Esq., was a delegate to the Southern Shipper's Convention, by appointment of the Governor, to represent this district.

—David Eaton, of Jamestown, was run over by the Richmond & Danville Railroad train, Monday night, in Greensboro, and killed.

—"I was most ready to return a blow and would not brook at all this sort of thing," for I knew I could cure all damages with Salvation Oil.

—For GOOD GOODS at reasonable prices, and polite and honest treatment, go to the reliable *Cash* store of GIERSH & SENSEMAN.

—Largest Stock of Ladies and Gents Gold and Silver WATCHES, at J. BEVAN, Watchmaker, 55 Main Street, Winston, N. C.

—E. F. Meller, who for the past 2 years traveled in the interest of Sells Bro's and Barrett & Co's., circusses, has returned to his home in this place.

—We regret to learn that Mrs. Louisa Bahnson, widow of the late Bishop Bahnson, fell down causing a severe sprain. Hope she will soon recover.

—SOLID SILVER SPOONS and TRIPLE PLATED SILVERWARE, at bottom figures, for sale by J. BEVAN, Silversmith, Main Street, Winston, N. C.

N. W. N. C. Guide Book.

An illustrated edition of this popular pamphlet has just been issued. An appendix notices the late improvements in Salem and Winston. Price 25 cents.

RESIGNED.—Rev. B. W. Daugherty has resigned the pastorate of St. Paul's Episcopal church in Winston, having accepted a call to Bellfontaine, Logan county, Ohio.

— SPECTACLES and EYE GLASSES, in Gold, Silver, Steel and Rubber frames, to suit all Eyes, you will find at BEVAN'S, the Optician, Main Street, Winston, N. C.

—We learn that the horse disease seems to be rather on the increase, some six or seven miles below town. Sulphur is recommended for horses and cattle, to be given several times a week.

—Tickets for the marriage ceremony of Prof. R. O. Holt and Miss Ione Parker, of Oak Ridge Institute, on Thursday, Dec. 3, are out. Thanks for an invitation. Miss Parker is a graduate of Salem Academy.

—We have in stock and are receiving daily the prettiest line of CROCKERY, GLASSWARE and LAMPS ever brought to our city. GIERSH & SENSEMAN.

THE NEW POST OFFICE.—Postmaster Douthit, has fitted up the first floor of the building formerly occupied by J. L. Fulkerson, into a first class post office, with all modern improvements, including the much needed lock-box arrangement.

—Guss Rich, Salem's well known and excellent tinner, has an order from Charlotte, for 100 of his new patent churns. These churns are made in all sizes, and have been used with satisfactory results for a number of years.

—Capt. J. W. Winfree, general manager of Brown & Brother large Tobacco Works, was presented with a very fine gold headed cane, on his birthday last Thursday by the bosses of the different departments over which he has control.

☞ The Farmer's and Planter's Almanac for 1886, for sale by L. V. & E. T. Blum. It contains the usual Astronomical calculations, State institutions and officers, times of holding the courts, and entertaining, instructive and amusing reading.

—H. E. Shore and T. S. Craft, of Shore, Yadkin County, took the train here on Monday evening for Raleigh, where they went to attend the N. C. State Horticultural Society which met there on the 1st and 2nd inst.

STOKES COURT.—At the recent term of Stokes County Court, says the *Republican*, the entire Civil docket was continued Tuesday until the next term, as it was evident, all the present term would be required to get through with the State docket, there being 155 cases on that docket.

Revised Version of the Bible.

A few copies of Harper & Brothers edition of the Revised Version of the Holy Bible. Cloth, $1.50, Library sheep, $2.00.

SALEM BOOKSTORE.

HEAVY HOGS.—C. A. Winkler killed four hogs on Wednesday, 17 months old, weighing 405, 426, 387 and 518½ lbs. Total, 1 736½ pounds. J. R. Johnson killed two, 14 mos. old, weighing 322 and 361 lbs. Total 683 pounds.

—W. L. Cook, of Waughtown, slaughtered 2 hogs, one 17 months old, weighed 453, the other, eleven months old, weighed 300.

—If you want your WATCHES, CLOCKS and JEWELRY REPAIRED by skilled workmen, and ENGRAVING and LETTERING done by *practical Engravers*, go to J. BEVAN Watchmaker and Jeweler, Main Street, Winston, N. C.

HOLIDAY GOODS

Just opened and opening at the SALEM BOOKSTORE.

GOODS NEAT, USEFUL AND CHEAP.

The miscellaneous Book and Fancy Goods are in charge of Miss Emma Fisher, who will be pleased to see her friends and the public generally.

—A list of Letters remaining in the Post Office at Salem, N. C., for the week ending Nov. 28th, 1885:

Ladies.

Mrs. Mollie Hanes, Hannah Jeffries, Miss Gusty Oaks, Miss Ellen Shelton.

Gentlemen.

Mr. Isaac O. Bodenhamer, Jno. W. Grant S. Henly. Mr. G. G. Johnson, Mr. J. C. Kirkman, Rev. Sam Long, Mr. Orlender Newson, Mr. W. R. Rominger, Sr., Mr. Tobias Rothrock, Mr. D. W. Sink, Mr. Franklin Spaugh, Mr. Alexander Spaugh, Mr. Joseph Tesh.

To obtain any of these letters the applicant must call for advertised letters.

If not called for within one month they will be sent to the dead letter office.

T. B. DOUTHIT, P. M.

LOCAL CORRESPONDENCE.

—One colored man and his wife, in Midway township, can cut and put up four cords of wood in a day.

—Late sowed wheat has come up well, and we hear it generally said that wheat has a fine appearance for a good crop.

—It is common for pigeons to make their appearance of a good acorn year, but we have not seen any of them this fall.

—During the past summer, Charlie Bodenhamer, a little boy of upper Davidson, killed 80 squirrels with a rifle.

—On last Thursday fire broke out in Columbus Siceloff's woods. It burned everything that was dry on about three acres of woods

—David Jones is putting a new roof on his house. The one which he removed from it had been on it about thirty years, and the boards are tolerably sound yet.

—Your correspondent is faring sumptuously along now. He has a clever set of scholars who do not neglect to bring him ample supplies of apples, &c. They have his thanks for such favors.

—Leander Ader split 400 rails in one day, with the help of a boy to wait on him and pack up his rails.

—David Clinard, Franklin Stewart and others caught 20 rabbits one day last week.

—Some hogs belonging to Noah Hine, George Hege and others in the neighborhood of Friendship, have been sick with cholera. Daniel Bray had one to die and has two more sick with it. Many persons butchered during last week who would have waited awhile if they had not been frightened.

—One person asks us why his ground peas did not fill this year. He says there were plenty of shells but no peas. If lime is put in the hills the shells are apt to fill. Wood ashes make a pretty good substitute for lime.

—Charlie Clinard, Davie Clinard and others participated in a rabbit-hunt on Monday of last week. They hunted from morning until the middle of the afternoon, and caught 38.

—A few nights ago some persons took an augur from John Chamelin's shop, and by boring around the lock gained admittance to one of Isaac Bodenhamer's out-houses, and stole a jug and a keg full of brandy. They took 18 gallons in all. Pieces of the jug and the empty keg have been found, but no clue to the thief has been discovered.

—Samuel Lambeth says he saved forty bushels of corn in fattening his hogs by the acorns in his pasture. Much corn has been saved by the acorns this fall.

—A barefooted tramp was going through the lower part of this county last week, pretending to seek work. It seems that a stout looking man like he is might find sufficient work anywhere to get himself a creditable suit of clothes.

—We hear that Dr. Mott, of Iredell county, has land on which more than 100 bushels of corn to the acre was raised this year; and that S. E. Johnson, of the same county, raised turnips which weighed 8 pounds apiece. The corn crop of Iredell was very good as a general thing.

—We heard a man say that many farmers waste a great deal by throwing away bones. If they be thrown in a heap, and ashes put on them they are easily decomposed and make one of the very best fertilizers for fruit trees and gardens. Bones are very rich in plant food, and he says no one should allow them to go to waste. They contain a large percentage of lime, and this enters largely into the material of plants.

—Every man who has a family should take one or more newspapers. A small amount thus invested will do more good in educating children than double the amount spent in any other way. A teacher can soon pick out the children who read the newspapers. They pronounce words more correctly, read more fluently, and understand the meaning of what they read much better than those who are denied the use of a weekly paper. Study is no irksome task, but it becomes a pleasure to them.

—Some farmers, in Davidson co., sowed wheat which they raised year before last, and it came up so badly that a few re sowed their ground. Even that which did not show that it had been affected by the weevil was injured by them to such an extent that it would not sprout. This shows that it is not safe to sow any but new wheat.

—Rev. Thomas Long drew off one of his carp ponds this fall, but did not find a great number of fish. This one is in the woods and the water is cold. Carp do not increase and grow well in cold water, but need warm, muddy water.

—One great reason why scholars do not make better progress in their studies in some schools is the want of uniformity in text-books. Three or four reading classes are enough in any school, but we know of some schools in which the average attendance is less than forty, and there are not less than a dozen reading classes, and the same thing might be said of all the other branches taught in these schools. Surely none expect a teacher to do successful work under such circumstances. He cannot give his classes one-fourth the attention that he could if they were classified, and besides, scholars make better progress when they are in classes.

WEIGHT OF HOGS.—Below we give a table exhibiting the weight of hogs killed in our neighborhood. The greater number of them range in age from 8 to 14 months. We give the w ight of light ones as well as heavy ones to get a correct average:

Owner.	No hogs	Av'ge W'ht.	Total
Adam Clodfelter	5	180⅕	901
Jonath'n Bodenhamer	2	175	350
David Wilson	2	165	330
Felix Sink	3	243⅓	730
Samuel Long	4	158¼	633
Charles Clinard	1	160	160
Lewis Shoaf	2	265	530
Franklin Stewart	2	140	280
Andrew Hine	1	451	450
Mahlon Charles	1	400	400
Lorenzo Lambeth	6	141⅔	850
Richard Beeson	7	155	1088
Mrs. Ellen Stewart	2	237	474
Madison Stewart	4	201½	806
Henry Stewart	2	201	402
Joseph Motsinger	1	326	326
Pinkney Yokely	2	230	460
Andrew Sink	1	340	340
Andrew Yokely	3	244⅔	734
David Clinard	2	205	410
William Yokely	1	285	285
David Jones	3	161	483
H. L. Beckerdite	5	231	1155
Jonathan Jones	6	257⅔	1546
	68	207⅔	14123

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SALEM, N. C.

82nd Annual Session begins Sept. 3rd.

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Having taken advantage of the recently cut prices and extraordinary discounts offered by New York, we have purchased the best stock of goods, we have ever had and are now offering special inducement in Flannels, Dress Goods, Trimmings, Notions, Glove-, Merino Underwear, Hoods, Jerseys, Cloaks, Wraps, Shawls, Merino Hosiery, Shoes and hundreds of other things. We respectfully ask the Ladies to come and examine our goods and prices.

Very Truly,

HINSHAW & BYNUM.

Oct 28th, 1885.

MARRIED.

On the 1st inst., in Salem, N. C., by Elder Wm. Turner, W. C. SINK and Miss JULIA M. POE.

By Rev. W. G. Hamilton, on the 19th ult., SAMUEL SWAIM to Miss ELLEM FAW, daughter of the late Norman Faw.

By Rev. W. G. Hamilton, on the 18th ult., CHARLES C. MORRIS to Miss EMMA SAPP.

By Rev. W. G. Hamilton, recently, CHARLES TEAGUE to Miss VIRGINIA BROWN.

DIED.

At Flat Shoals, Surry County, EDMUND TAYLOR, aged 89 years.

In Winston, November 27th, Mrs. FURGUSON, an aged lady.

In Winston, on last Sunday, JAS. R. PIERCE, aged 57 years and 24 days.

Very suddenly, in Davidson Co., near Midway, on the 26th of November, EDWARD SHOAF, aged about 20 years. His home was near Yadkin College, and he came on a visit to John Perryman's on Wednesday, and died on Thursday morning.

At Greensburg, Indiana, on the 7th ult., of consumption, SAMUEL L. CHRISTMAN. He was born in Waughtown, N. C., on September 7th, 1861, and removed with his parents, A. H. Christman and wife, to Indiana, in 1865, where he made his home. He united with the Baptist church, Jan. 20, 1875. P.

In this county, near New Philadelphia Moravian church, on Friday, November 27th, JOHN BUTNER, aged 76 years, 8 months and 3 days. He was born in Bethania on the 24th of March, 1809, came to live in Salem in 1826, and worked with his brother, the late Adam Butner, at the hatter's trade till February, 1839, when he married Miss Fredericka Burkhard, when they moved to the country and settled on the farm where he died. When New Philadelphia church was organized they were among the first members, and for 30 years he and his wife filled the post of chapel stewards, and managed their office with great faithfulness; and only a year ago, when his health began to fail, they resigned. Brother Butner belonged to a long-lived family; he had nine brothers and one sister; one of the brothers lived to be 96 years old, others 86, 84, and 83; and the only sister is still living in Hope, Indiana, Mrs. Henry Holder, a widow 83 years old. She and one brother, Mr. Jacob Butner, living in the neighborhood of Crooked Run, are all that are living of the family.

On last Friday morning, Mr. Butner proposed to his wife that they would go to Salem, and while in the act of getting the conveyance ready he suddenly dropped dead in the yard. His remains were interred on the New Philadelphia graveyard, and notwithstanding the unfavorable weather there was a large turn out on the occasion. C. L. R.

The ideal young people's magazine. It holds the first place among periodicals of its class.

—BOSTON JOURNAL.

ST. NICHOLAS

An illustrated monthly periodical for boys and girls, appearing on the 25th of each month. Edited by Mary Mapes Dodge. Price, 25 cents a number, or $3.00 a year, in advance. Booksellers, newsdealers, postmasters and the publishers take subscriptions, which should begin with the November number, the first of the volume.

ST. NICHOLAS aims both to satisfy and to develop the tastes of its constituency; and its record for the past 12 years, during which it has always stood, as it stands to-day, at the head of periodicals for boys and girls, is a sufficient warrant for its excellence during the coming season. The editors announce the following as among the

LEADING FEATURES FOR 1885-86:

A Serial Story by **Frances Hodgson Burnett.** The first long story she has written for children.

A Christmas Story by **W. D. Howells.** With humorous pictures by his little daughter.

"George Washington," by **Horace E. Scudder.** A novel and attractive Historical Serial.

Short Stories for Girls by **Louisa M. Alcott.** The first—"The Candy Country"—in November.

New "Bits of Talk for Young Folks," by **"H. H."** This series forms a gracious and fitting memorial of a child-loving and child-helping soul.

Papers on the Great English Schools, Rugby and others. Illustrations by Joseph Pennell.

A Sea-coast Serial Story, by **J. T. Trowbridge,** will be life-like, vigorous, and useful

"Jenny's Boarding-House," a serial by **James Otis.** Dealing with news-boy life and enterprise.

Frank R. Stockton will contribute several of his humorous and fanciful stories.

"Drill." By **John Preston True.** A capital school story for boys.

The Boyhood of Shakespeare, by **Rose Kingsley.** With illustrations by Alfred Parsons.

Short Stories by scores of prominent writers, including Susan Coolidge, H. H. Boyesen, Nora Perry, T. A. Janvier, Washington Gladden, Rossiter Johnson, Joaquin Miller, Sophie May, Hezikiah Butterworth, W. O. Stoddard, Harriet Prescott Spofford, and many others.

Entertaining Sketches by Alice W. Rollins, Charles G. Leland, Henry Eckford, Lieutenant Schwatka, Edward Eggleston, and others.

Poems, shorter contributions, and departments will complete what the *Rural New-Yorker* calls "the best magazine for children in the world."

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L. V. & E. T. BLUM.

SALEM MARKETS.

Wheat,	$1 00 to 1 25
Corn, per bushel,	50 to 60
Oats, " "	00 to 50
Rye, " "	00 to 00
Barley, per bushel,	00 to 00
Flour, per hundred	2 50 to 3 00
Peas, (col'd,) per bushel,	0 00 to 0 00
Peas, (white,) " "	1 00 to 00
Beans (col'd) " "	00 to 75
Beans, (white) " "	1 50 to 00
Onion Setts, per bushel	0 00 to 90
Pork,	7 to 8
Lard,	9 to 00
Country Meat, (hog round,)	00 to 00
" Hams,	00 to 00
Green Apples, per bushel	0 50 to 0 60
Eggs,	10 to 00
Butter, per pound,	15 to 25
Tallow, " "	5 to 00
Beeswax, " "	00 to 22
Flax Seed, per bushel,	90 to 0 00
Potatoes, Irish, per bushel,	40 to 50
Potatoes, sweet, " "	30 to 00
Cabbage, per pound,	2 to 0 03
Chickens,	13 to 18
Hay	38 to 50

Winston Tobacco Market

Lugs Common Green,	3 00 to 4 00
" Bright,	7 00 to 8 00
" Good,	8 00 to 10 00
" Fine,	11 00 to 12 00
Fillers, Common,	7 00 to 9 00
" Good,	8 00 to 12 00
" Fine,	10 00 to 15 00
Wrappers, Common,	16 00 to 18 00
" Good,	20 00 to 25 00
" Fine,	28 00 to 30 00
" Fancy,	50 00 to 65 00
Leaf, common,	4 00 to 5 50

Dried Fruit Market.

Cherries, pitted,	8 cents
Damson, Plums,	3 cents
Whortleberries,	7 cents
Blackberries,	6 cents
Quarter Apples,	3 cents
Sliced Apples, common,	4 cents
Sliced Apples, bright,	2 cents
Sliced Apples, fancy,	3 cents
Dark Peeled Peaches,	1 cents
Bright " "	4 to 5 cents
Fancy " "	7 cents
Quarter unpeeled,	3 cents
Halves "	4 cents

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SALE OF LANDS!

BY virtue of an order of the Superior Court of Forsyth County, I will expose to sale at public auction on the premises, on

Monday, 4th day of January, 1886,

the following described tract of land, containing

189 ACRES,

more or less, adjoining the lands of Albert Welsh, Jacob Yokely, Samuel Reed and others, and known as the lands of JOHN RUDOLPH REED.

Said lands lie six miles Southeast of Salem, on the road leading from Salisbury to Danville, and will be sold subject to widow's dower.

TERMS.—Credit of six months. Bond with approved security. Title reserved until purchase money is paid.

JOHN G. REED,
Commissioner.

Nov. 21st, 1885—4t.

T. R. PURNELL,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

RALEIGH, N. C.

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for the fall of '85 embracing everything novel, new and attractive in the way of fabric and make-up manufactured in this country. We do not confine ourselves to any exclusive class of patrons, but cater to the taste of the general run of mankind.

Full value for every cent you invest to the Granite Front, is the strong plank in our business platform, and we appreciate the fact that a satisfied customer is a continuous patron, and the best advertisement we can have.

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ages from 4 to 12 years. A Polo cap given away with every Child's suit! BUT REST ASSURED WE ARE ON TOP TO STAY.

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N. C. DIVISION.

CONDENSED SCHEDULE.

TRAINS GOING NORTH.

Date, May 31, 1885.	No. 51, Daily	No. 53, Daily.
Leave Charlotte,	4.30 a m	9.30 p m
" Salisbury,	6.32 a m	7.50 p m
" Lexington,	7.45 a m	8.52 p m
Arrive Greensboro,	8.17 a m	9.18 p m
Leave "	9.35 a m	
Arrive Hillsboro,	11.39 a m	
" Durham,	12.13 p m	
" Raleigh,	1.20 p m	
Leave "	2.28 p m	
Arrive Goldsboro,	4.40 p m	

No. 15—Daily except Sunday.
Leave Greensboro, 10.00 p m
Arrive at Raleigh, 6.00 a m
Arrive at Goldsboro, 11.00 a m

No. 51—Connects at Greensboro with R. & D. R. R., for all points North, East and West of Danville. At Salisbury with W. N. C. R. R., for all points in Western North Carolina. At Goldsboro with W. & W. R. R. Daily. Nos. 51 and 53 connect at Greensboro with R. & D. R. R. for all points on Salem Branch.

TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

Date, May 31, 1885.	No. 50. Daily.	No. 52. Daily.
Leave Goldsboro,	12.35 p m	
Arrive Raleigh,	3.00 p m	
Leave "	5.00 p m	
Arrive Durham,	6.07 p m	
" Hillsboro,	6.47 p m	
" Greensbor	9.00 p m	
Leave "	11.21 p m	9.36 a m
Arrive Lexington,	12.31 p m	10.40 a m
" Salisbury,	1.05 a m	11.10 a m
" Charlotte,	2.56 a m	12.35 p m

No. 18—Daily except Sunday.
Leave Goldsboro, 7.45 p m
Arrive at Raleigh, 11.45 p m
Leave Raleigh, 12.35 a m
Arrive at Greensboro, 8.30 a m

No. 50—Connects at Salisbury for all points on W. N. C. R. R., and at Charlotte with A. & C. Air-Line for all points in the South and Southwest.

No. 52—Connects at Charlotte with C. C. & A. R. R., for all points South and Southeast and with A. & C. Air-Line for all points South.

N. W. N. C. RAILROAD.

GOING SOUTH.

No. 50—Daily.

Leave Greensboro,	11.35 p m
Arrive Kernersville,	12.39 p m
" Salem,	1.17 p m

No. 52—Daily.

Leave Greensboro,	9.46 a m
Arrive Kernersville,	10.50 a m
" Salem,	11.25 a m

GOING NORTH.

No. 51—Daily.

Leave Salem,	6.55 p m
Arrive Kernersville,	7.30 p m
" Arrive Greensboro,	8.35 p m

No. 53—Daily.

Leave Salem,	6.40 a m
Arrive Kernersville,	6.05 a m
" Greensboro,	8.05 a m

STATE UNIVERSITY R. R.

GOING NORTH.

No. 1—Daily, except Sunday.

Leave Chapel Hill,	10.25 a m
Arrive University,	11.25 p m

No. 3—Daily, except Sunday.

Leave Chapel Hill,	5.00 p m
Arrive University,	6.00 p m

GOING SOUTH.

No. 4—Daily, except Sunday.

Leave University,	6.30 p m
Arrive Chapel Hill,	7.31 p m

No. 2—Daily, except Sunday.

Leave University,	11.54 a m
Arrive Chapel Hill,	12.54 p m

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University of North Carolina.

Six new Professors have recently been added to the Faculty, making a total of seventeen instructors. All the Courses of Study have been enlarged and strengthened. Post-graduate instruction is offered in every department. The next session begins August 27. Entrance examinations August 27, 28, 29.

For catalogue containing information in regard to tuition, board, terms of admission, &c., apply to

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NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to cut down or remove any trees or wood from our premises in South Fork township without our permission, under penalty of the law.

L. V. & E. T. BLUM.

Forsyth County, N. C., Sept. 18, 1883

PLANTATION FOR SALE!

A tract of land containing about 112 acres, well watered, within three miles of Winston, with considerable wood land and meadow thereon, for sale. The improvements consist of a dwelling, barn and tobacco barn.

Apply to L V BLUM, Salem.
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STRONG'S SANATIVE PILLS For the Liver. A speedy cure of [illegible] Regulating the Bowels, Purifying the Blood, Cleansing from Malarial Taint. A positive cure for Sick Headache, Constipation and Bilious Disorders.

STRONG'S PECTORAL PILLS Coughs, Colds, Dyspepsia, &c. [illegible] Insure healthy appetite, good digestion, regular bowels. A precious boon to females, soothing and bracing the [illegible] giving vigor and health to every [illegible] Prepared by Druggists. For Pamphlets, [illegible] & Co., 18 Cedar St., N. Y. City

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Progressive Agriculture.

We give the follow interesting article from the *American Cultivator* of Boston. It is from the pen of Mr. Ben: Perley Poore, and well worth the earnest consideration of farmers in all parts of the country.

"Progressive agriculture, as some appear to understand it means going ahead, without regard to safety or expense. The young progressive farmer who never hoed an acre of corn or mowed an acre of grass, fancies that by applying what he calls 'business principles' to agriculture, he can roll up a fortune in a few years. He must have a farm as large as his father had in his old age; must live in a better house than his parents ever thought they needed; he must drive a better horse, ride in a better carriage; sport a finer watch; live in a more fashionable style, play the gentleman at more expense; cut larger swells; speak louder, and be known further than his old fogy ancestors ever dared to dream of.

"The young progressive farmer has no idea of getting rich by the little; he is bound to have a pile all at once. He is not going to bring up lambs by hand, sell turnips at twenty five cents a bushel, carry chickens to market, wear patched clothes and cart potatoes round like a peddler. Not he. Talk to him about cultivating a farm of fifty acres! Why, he wants four or five hundred acres, and he will demonstrate by figures that the more land he cultivates the larger his percentage of profits will be.

"Talk to one of these progressive farmers, and he will laugh at you. Why, he is sure that he knows a thousand things that would astonish his father. Experienced! To be sure he has not had it himself, but he knows who has and what it is. Of course he is safe—has a through ticket to fortune on the express, double-quick time. He wants to start, not at the bottom of the hill, but at the top of it. He don't believe in climbing up slowly, working and waiting, and though he may be willing to work, he is not anxious to wait. He would be happy could he reverse the order of the seasons, and reap in the spring. He would like to reap just before he sows, so as to sow money instead of seed. The old way of beginning with a small farm and a few tools, and working up by slow degrees, is not consistent with his notions of the dignity of agriculture.

"Now this is just the point. I believe young men need to be set right on. Instead of beginning with much they ought to begin with little. Instead of a large farm they ought to have only a small one. Their experience is small, their judgment is weak, and their wants ought to be few. And beginning with a few acres they will soon learn how to proceed to insure the best results.

Large streams from little fountains flow,
Tall oaks from little acorns grow.

"Some educators try to make us believe there is some royal road to learning by which dunces can take a short cut to the old college honors. But this is all false. It is a sham, got up to cheat fools. There is but one road to learning, and that is the hard old up hill way of severe study and long, close application.

"True, there has been real progress made in agriculture, and there are many machine helps in the field, in the barn and in the house that our fathers and mothers did not enjoy. But the young farmer who has inherited a bank account should not undertake to be too progressive. He should begin with a small farm, the acres of which bear some proper relation to his experience and his actual knowledge. Let him buy a few acres, build a small house, secure a little stock and such implements as he must have and begin in a small way. Let him raise his own seed, plant his own nursery, increase his herds and cattle by natural generation and not by purchase, except an occasional male animal of good blood. Let his own skill and industry supply his own wants as far as possible. As he adds acres to his farm and rooms to his house and length and breadth to his barn and numbers to his cattle, horses and herds, and comforts to his home and weight to his character and purse, he will feel a just pride in the thought that all this is the result of his own skill and industry. He will learn how to keep and improve what he gets, and to add more and still more to his possessions. He will feel that he is himself a living power, capable of producing the means of comfort and wealth.

"Such a young man may not figure in mutual admiration cliques as progressive, but he will be counted as a growing man. And a growing man is a man always in the favor of his fellows. When a man is going up everybody is glad to lend him a helping hand. All who know him volunteer to do him service. But when he is going down all step forward to kick him along. Every one accelerates his downward course. It is always best, therefore, to start at the bottom of the hill and work steadily up. Better be small and rising a little than great and falling a little. The true course for every young man in every business is to begin at the alphabet of his business and rise as fast as he can safely and honorably."

Farm and Garden Notes.

It is said that one hundred hens well cared for will yield more net profit than four good cows.

Muck is often recommended for bedding for cattle, as well as sand. These are poor absorbents of liquid manure. Dry peat is the best.

The *Western Agriculturist* says that if there is one error more apparent than another, it is that of allowing too many fowls to run and roost together.

It is claimed that larger and surer crops of strawberries are obtained where several varieties are grown together than where but a single variety is grown.

Potatoes which are dug in clear weather and thoroughly dried in the sun will keep in much better condition in the cellar than those put into bins without being sun-dried.

It is not more foolish to expect soil to produce large crops without the labor of intelligent cultivation than that a trader will give in return for a small sum something worth many times more.

Watering trees at transplanting is rarely a benefit. In most cases it is an injury, as the earth is taken away from the under surface of the roots by the sinking of the water in the soil.

A putrid carcass polluting the air of a pasture will spoil not only the milk of the cows running there, but also the entire contents of the vat into which the tainted milk is poured at the factory.

Use white hellebore to kill insects on vegetation when the value of the plants will warrant the expense. A tablespoonful of the powder in two gallons of water is amply strong. Apply with a spraying syringe.

Hens that steal their nests usually hatch every egg. One reason is that the eggs are commonly on the ground or where they will be occasionally moistened by rains, and thus some water is supplied to preserve life in the embryo chicks.

Don't neglect the lawn. It is not as important as the wheat crop perhaps; but it deserves better treatment than it usually gets. Don't grow timothy in front of the house and thus try to make the ground provide hay and still look like a lawn. It cannot be done.

Chicken cholera—Take epsom salts, dissolve in water, wet the hominy or corn with it and feed to them. If they will not eat it put a teaspoonful down their throats. Those who have used this remedy for the past two or three years find that it stops the complaint at once.

In an experiment with 100 plum trees a farmer dusted five trees with air-slacked lime just as the blossoms were falling, and repeated the application every two weeks several times. From the five trees so treated he secured good crops of plums, but on the remaining ninety-five trees the curculio did not allow a single plum to mature.

A Pennsylvania farmer last year sold over $6,000 acres worth of potatoes from twelve acres. He fertilized with a compost of hardwood ashes and oyster shell lime, plowed deep, planted medium sized, well formed uncut potatoes three feet apart, gave level cultivation and cultivated often. From one hill he took forty-one fine large tubers.

Let any farmer compute the sum which a full annual crop of apples would produce, even at a low rate per bushel, and he will be surprised to find how much more valuable his apple orchard is than any part of the farm devoted to grain growing. With good management and manuring a full crop of apples may be grown every year, with as much certainty as any grain crop, and with less expense.

Near a market sweet corn will usually sell for much more than its value for feeding purposes, but after all has been sold green that can be it is only fair to give the cows a chance. They will eat ears of sweet corn with great greediness, and their effect in making a rich yellow cream can hardly be excelled by any other feed. An extra patch should be provided every year exclusively for feeding purposes.

A useful hint in relation to making a fence for a sheep pasture is given by a correspondent of *The Rural New Yorker*. He writes: I am not in favor of barbed wire, unless used exclusively for cattle. It is too dangerous for horses and sheep. I have built a sheep fence with five strands of plain wire, and having fastened a piece of wire to the top strand, passed it down around the second, and so on to the bottom. One or more of these in each span (according to the distance between the posts) prevent the wires from spreading apart and letting the sheep through. Perhaps pickets stapled to the wires would be better; but wire is cheaper and can be more quickly put on. For horses, put one or two extra strong wires at the top, and hang a light pole or strip of board to the top wire.

Household Recipes and Hints.

Cut cold hominy or hasty pudding into thin slices, dip each piece into well-beaten egg and fry on a griddle.

In cleaning beets be very careful not to cut them. Boil till tender; put in cold water a moment to loosen the skin; then peel, slice and season with salt, pepper, butter and vinegar.

Recipe for parched rice: Parch rice a nice brown as you would coffee. Throw it into boiling, salted water, and boil until thoroughly done. Do not stir any more than necessary, on account of breaking the grains. Serve with cream and sugar.

A correspondent of the *Magazine of Pharmacy*, writing from Messina, says: "A bottle of bromine left in a closed room all night with the stopper out destroys all infection and insect life. I have cleared places which were infested with vermin many times. It is far more effectual than the vapor of burning sulphur."

To make a rag carpet, crochet a chain of thirty stitches, turn, put hook through second stitch, rag over, draw through second stitches, and repeat until a square is formed. To make a striped carpet, crochet six times across with plain rags; then commence the fancy stripe. When that is done crochet six times across with plain rags. This makes a beautiful carpet.

To clean white marble, mix together one-half pound of potash, one-half pound of soft soap and one pound of whiting. Boil them until they become as thick as paste, and let it cool. Before it is quite cold spread it over the surface of the marble and leave it at least a whole day. Use soft water to wash it off, and rub it well with soft cloths. For a black marble nothing is better than spirits of turpentine.

Any person can prove the honesty of his grocer by melting his butter. Pure butter melted produces a pure, limpid, golden oil, and it retains the butter flavor. Melt oleomargarine and the oil smells like tallow, and a scum rises to the surface. Butterine is a mixture of dairy butter and fats. Melt that and the butter oil will rise to the top. Pour this off and you will find the fats at the bottom, whitish in color, and giving off a disagreeable smell.

A Central American Hotel.

Everything was au naturel to the farthest possible limit in the way of disorder, dirt, and disregard of the proprieties of a "house of entertainment." The floor of the "dining room" was littered with dead insects; great cockroaches traveled up and down the wall, mysteriously active; all manner of flies swarmed in the air and over the filthy linen of the table, with its broken crockery that evidently had not been washed for a month; at the table legs were tied with rawhide strings two game cocks, which sought incessantly to get at each other; in and out of the room ran pigs and chickens, while parrots stalked around, making the air hideous with their croaks and cries.

But, despite all this, we really did enjoy this our first meal in Guatemala. The coffee, served in Central American fashion, was the best I ever drank. Then, for the first time, I knew what good coffee was. It was simply the essence of the berry—a dark brown, thick liquor, kept in a close stoppered decanter. Taking a teaspoonful or two of this essential liquor, you add hot water from a native Indian earthen jug that looks very much like an old Etruscan or Egyptian product. That cup was, indeed, "worthy of the gods"—something never dreamed of even in Paris, where good coffee is the rule. In explanation of this superiority, it is stated by the coffee growers that the berry loses much of its peculiar evanescent flavor by sacking and sea transport.—*Harper's Magazine.*

The Oldest Known Work of Man.

The tenth king of the line of Menes, first king of Egypt, is supposed to have left what is considered the oldest known work of man—the great pyramid with steps, at Sakkarah. A group of statues of a few reigns afterward are among the best specimens of Egyptian art, and represent a race of men of the highest type—higher than those who succeed them. And it was the kings of the fourth dynasty—relatively very early, and still of the first of the three great periods of national prosperity—that left the most stupendous and enduring monuments, the crowning wonder of the ages, the great pyramids. The oldest character known to profane history was Menes, the Egyptian king referred to. His antiquity passes all our standards of chronology, and can hardly be comprehended by those whose studies have been bounded by what passes for ancient history. Some calculations of his epoch place it at several hundred years before what is assumed is "Usshers's Chronology," as the date of the creation of man; and relatively modest estimates fix it before the time assumed in the same chronology as that of the flood. His name, which means "the stable"—occurs in all the sources of history, Greek and Egyptian, on the monuments and in the papyruses, as that of the founder of the empire.—*Treasure Trove.*

A German chemist, J. G. Otto, finds arterial blood to contain more sugar than the blood of the veins.

OUR MIRTHFUL MELANGE.

HUMOROUS STORIES THAT WILL DISPEL THE BLUES.

A Polite Race—Without a Question—She Remembered—The Telephone Girl—The Wrong Man Disturbed.

Mrs. Hendricks, the landlady, (who knows a little French)—"The French are a very polite people, much more so than the English. For instance, when one asks to be excused from the table a French hostess would say 'with pain,' while in English the common reply is, 'certainly, with pleasure.'"

Dumley (fourth floor, back, a large eater and slow pay)—"Ah, indeed; I did not know that. Then if I were living in a French boarding house, Mrs. Hendricks, and should ask to be excused, the lady would say—"

Mrs. Hendricks (grimly)—"With pleasure."—*New York Times.*

Without a Question.

"You don't mean to say that he prescribed for his patient without asking him a single question?"

"Yes, he did."

"And did not even feel his pulse?"

"No."

"Or look at his tongue?"

"No."

"Why, the man's an ass; he's even worse; he's a quack."

"But he has the name of being a very good doctor. He seldom loses a case."

"All luck, and nothing else. He couldn't doctor me."

"Of course not; nor me. He's not my kind of a doctor."

"What kind of a doctor do you consider him?"

"Me? I consider him a horse-doctor, and so he is."

She Remembered.

A young lady met a dude on the street the other day, and spoke to him. That night he met her at the house of a friend.

"Ah, Miss Chestah," he said, "I believe you spoke to me on the street today?"

"Yes," she answered.

"Weally, Miss Chestah, you will excuse me, but you know I don't remembah of evah meeting you befoah, don't you know."

"Ah, indeed? It was at Saratoga, last summer."

"Weally, Miss Chestah, I beg yoah pahdon. I had quite fawgotton, don't you know, and I cawn't undahstand how you could wemembah me so well."

"Quite easy, Mr. Morgan; you know the simpler anything is, the easier we remember it."—*Merchant-Traveler.*

The Telephone Girl.

There had been quiet about the Exchange for several weeks, because the frolicsome telephone girl was off duty. On Monday morning she resumed her place at the key-board, and when 360 called she was prompt in answering:

"Hello, Pothole, who do you want?"

"Give me the *Evening Gush*, please."

"All right; here it is."

"Hello? Is this the *Gush* office?"

"It is. What can I do for you?" the city editor politely replied.

"You know Miss Tickleneck, the great singer, do you not?"

"Certainly. She has been in Boston, I believe, having her voice polished."

"So she has; so she has," Pothole replied.

"Well, what about her, Mr. Pothole?"

"Why, she met with a very bad accident last evening."

"Ah, indeed! Give me the particulars, please."

"Well, you see she was down to Professor Billboy's soiree last evening, and had just opened her mouth to sing 'Sweet Violets,' when ——" Here the wicked girl broke the connection and switched on a man who was describing the collapse of a house to a fellow contractor, and the city editor impatiently exclaimed:

"Go on, please!"

"Well, there was a loud crash, and looking up I observed that the roof had fallen in and the ruins were enveloped in a great cloud of dust."

"Do you vouch for this story?" asked the city editor, and Pothole having been restored, replied:

"You bet! You can use my name in connection with it if you wish."

That evening, when poor Pothole was sitting by his fireside reading his copy of the "*Gush*," his eye fell upon the following item:

"SAD CATASTROPHE.—At Professor Billboy's soiree last evening, Miss Tickleneck arose to sing 'Sweet Violets,' when, to the utter consternation of all present, the roof of her mouth fell in and left her an utter ruin, enveloped in a cloud of dust. Improbable as the story appears, Mr. Isaiah Pothole vouches for its truth."

This explains why Pothole was found dead in the sewer the next morning.—*National Weekly.*

The Wrong Man Disturbed.

He was the greatest old man you ever saw. He looked around the passenger coach in a way to prove that he had never entered one before, and he sat down so softly, and seemed to be so afraid of damaging something, that all the passengers smiled.

By-and-by a young man went over and sat down beside him. This young man might have been directed by filial affection, and he might not. "Which way, uncle?" he softly asked.

"Me? Oh, I'm goin' to see my darter in Conneticut."

"Ever travel much?"

"This is the first time I was ever on the keers. I've driv off seventeen miles with the oxen to see my other darter, but oxen ain't no comparison to these keers."

"I should say not. It takes a lot of money to go to Connecticut and back."

"Dreffal lot, but I jist sold the farm, you know."

"I presume you could change a hundred-dollar bill for me?"

"Oh, jist as well as not."

"I may want you to by-and-by. This is good weather, eh?"

"Strordinary weather fur fall. James has been worried about his corn, but I guess it's all safe."

Nothing further was said for some time, the old man looking out of the window and the young man reading a paper. The train made a few stops, and the car was so warm that after awhile the old man began to yawn and nod. He fought it off for ten minutes, but at last his head fell back, and his gentle snores mingled with the roar of the wheels.

A slim white hand, with tapering fingers, rested on his leg; then it was elevated to his breast. Its touch was that of a feather. Its movement that of a serpent creeping forward to strike. The fingers touched an old-fashioned wallet. The young man continued to read, and the old man slept on. Inch by inch the wallet was lifted from its snug resting place, and the hand was almost ready to remove it entirely, when something happened. With a sudden movement of his right hand the old man pinned the interloper fast, and his voice was heard calling:

"You blamed skunk! But I knowed all the time what you were after! Where's the conductor."

There was a rush of passengers, and they found a helpless, confused pickpocket and an indignant, but yet elated old man.

"Consarn his picktur', but he took me fur an ole haystack from a back medder! Work roots on me, will ye! Sot a trap fur me and fell into it yerself, eh?"

Even a professional pickpocket hadn't cheek enough to urge a single excuse. The fellow hadn't one blessed word to say, and was walked off to the baggage car to be kicked to the platform at the station.

"Ye see," said the old man, as he turned to the inquiring passengers, "I hadn't orter done it. When a man has bin constable, sheriff, or drover all his days, travelin' all over and meetin' with all sorts of folks, he hadn't orter play off greenhorn and break a young man's heart like this, but I felt sort o' reckless this mornin'. I must put a curb on my speerits; I'm gettin' too old to be playin' jokes on confidin' young men!"—*New York Sun.*

A Confederate Match Factory.

The first match factory in the Confederacy was in or rather near Atlanta. The owner was an Atlanta man. These matches were sold from Richmond to the Gulf. Unlike some of our recent experiments in that line, there was no trouble about igniting the matches. A man did not have to strike one sixteen times, and finally hit it on the head with a hammer, or light it by the fire. His main trouble was to keep the thing from going off prematurely, and the only effectual safeguard was to keep it in a bottle of water. They were the most utterly too previous matches ever seen in this or any other country. The enterprise was never profitable, because half the stock was invariably lost by spontaneous combustion. Wagon loads of matches on their way from the factory to the city would burst into a blaze halfway on the road, scaring the driver and his mules out of their senses. Several Atlanta stores handled these useful marvels of home enterprise, but customers were cautioned to tread lightly for fear of jarring the matches into a conflagration, and clerks were detailed to sit up every night to watch the troublesome stock.

The owner of this match factory put up the stuff in which the matches were dipped, and sold it for rat poison. It certainly killed the rats, but the hasty character of the stuff created such a panic in the city that the industry had to be squelched. A Whitehall street merchant bought a box of the poison one day, and carrying it to his store tried to spread a dab of it on a piece of dry bread as a bait for the rats. He gave it one spread when there was a "whish!" and the whole affair blazed up in his face, singing off his whiskers. A few similar experiments prejudiced the people against the new poison. They said it was too rough on rats to burn out their stomachs with such an explosive. A complete collection of Atlanta's manufactured products from '60 to '65 would be worth seeing. But it is too late in the day to secure such a collection.—*Atlanta (Ga.) Constitution.*

Vesuvius' Wrath.

A Naples (ltally) letter to the Philadelphia *Press* says: The thousands of people who use the simile "standing over a volcano" can never appreciate its full meaning unless they have actually stood as we stood that dark night, looking down into the huge cauldron of boiling lava, watching the fiery mass as it seethes and steams and nisses through the fissures in the mountain's sides. Until far in the night we watched that terrible sight and listened to the groaning and gurgling that seemed to come forth from the very bowels of the earth.

We gazed into that burning crater, fascinated as a bird is fascinated by a snake. And the danger, as deadly as the snake's fascination, was soon realized. While gazing into the fiery sea below us, there was a terrific rumbling, followed, after an interval that gave us barely time to retreat forty paces, by a shower of red-hot stones, which flew in every direction, and only spared us, as it seemed, by a miracle.

To no man, I believe, could a more appalling experience be allotted than that during the ten minutes that succeeded the first eruption. An impenetrable mist was on one side and a mountain of fire on the other. In much less time than it takes to write these words we had descended, running, rolling, and falling, several hundred feet, but even during those few moments there were several erruptions, and fiery masses, some as large as a beer keg, fell dangerously near.

For several minutes the eruptions continued, showers of red-hot lava shooting up in quick succession, but with one of us already severely wounded and the other in momentary fear of receiving his quietus, the grand display of fire-works was not appreciated. Out of reach of the fiery hail, our course was still by no means clear.

How the Emperor of Russia Travels.

The train which is always used by the emperor and empress of Russia for long journeys consists of sixteen carriages, of which the first is a kitchen, and then comes one for police agents, one for the military suite, three for members of the household and two for the imperial family, each grand duke having an entirely separate compartment, which can be fitted for either day or night use. The carriage of the empress has a spacious sleeping compartment, with a hammock bed, furniture of ebony and utensils of silver and an immense looking-glass. There is a bath room completely fitted and a compartment for the lady in waiting. The empress' sitting room contains a writing table, a sofa and easy chairs.

The emperor's sleeping carriage is fitted with olive green leather and only contains a bed and a dressing table and bath. Then comes a sitting room, fitted very simply, and lastly the dining room, which is furnished with carved oak and merely contains tables, chairs and a sideboard. There is communication throughout the train from one end to the other. There are many Americans who travel quite as luxuriously as the above potentates, although they may not have such an extensive train. A certain very wealthy lady of this city, who is something of an invalid, not being able to bear the jolting of cars, chartered a steamboat to take her to the Jersey coast last summer. There are a number of the railroad kings of the United States whose traveling cars are works of art and contain all modern conveniences.—*New York Telegram.*

Growing Old Gracefully.

After a certain age, varying from fifty to sixty, men are liable to declaim about the vanity of things and to have a settled distaste for pursuits and amusements which occupied earlier years. It is a dangerous time. In order to find relief such men often break up the business vocations of a lifetime and seek in new experiments the glow and ardor which have vanished with youth. It is a prolific source of financial failures; often of domestic disruptions; sometimes leading to suicide or madness. Youth and its passions are not to be recalled by a change of locality or of business. What these people fret about is simply the departure of youth. They have not the philosophy to adjust themselves to approaching age and serenely await the end, and they plunge into chimerical business ventures and break up homes and seek new homes with the hope of reviving a fire which can never burn brightly again. There is not one man in a dozen with a fixed and ample income who can with patience submit himself to the conservative dictates of age, and with books and friends lead a life of innocent leisure. The struggle is always to make sixty beat with the impulsive numbers of thirty, and that can never be. The wise man will bow to the yoke, and by so doing will cease to feel it. It is a yoke which all must wear save those which the Greeks declared were blessed of the gods because they died young.—*Pittsburg Telegraph.*

The Irish population of New York city is half a million.

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

Lace shawls of whatever shape are used for drapery.

Cream color alone or in combination is a favorite evening color.

Ribbons with velvet and plush stripes and with fringes are popular.

The latest novelty in purses in Paris is a baby's boot crocheted in silk.

"Palmer-Nevada" is what the prima donna will henceforth call herself.

Children are wearing kilted mother hubbards made of flannel both striped and plain.

The dowry of the Princess Hilda of Nassau will be a hundred millions of florins in ready money.

Polka spots, small palmleaf fans and geometrical figures are favored designs in the new satin brocades.

White watered silks are very elegant for bridal dresses, and have very suddenly come into unusual favor.

Mrs. A. T. Stewart has an estate worth $30,000,000, but she lives very quietly in her big white marble palace on Fifth avenue.

Plain black silks are worn and the American gros grains cannot be excelled by those of any foreign manufacture.

In Paris there is a decided tendency in favor of smooth-faced materials, and the English models show a preponderance of soft-finish and diagonal cloth.

The hobby of Mrs. Baldwin, the widow of the Philadelphia millionaire, is flowers; the same hobby, by the way, as that of Robert Garrett, the president of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad.

Mrs. Brewer, wife of a New York Congressman, is proud in the possession of a dress of antique brocade, which was taken from a British vessel over a hundred years ago by a daring pirate.

As a relief from the stereotyped trimming of a turban, a silk handkerchief makes a very pretty crown, taken in irregular folds, with two corners allowed to stand up in front. A long quill or fancy pin is the only other ornament necessary.

Lighter greens are to be most in favor this season. Light vinaigre or absinthe green flannels trimmed with a still paler shade are being used in bridal outfits. Bronze or myrtle-green velvet is handsomely combined, for a fall dress, with apricot-satin brocade.

The black president of Hayti, Salomon, has a French wife of great intelligence and courage. She has helped him over many rough places, and is very popular with the Haytiens. Although a white woman, she considers herself identified with their interests and we fare.

The very expensive patterns of bead decoration are marvels of artistic richness and beauty; those in wide bands to be sold by the yard, pendant ornaments in special designs for vest, corsage and sleeve decorations; appliques in floral and Byzantine devices in amber, ruby, bronze, etc., showing wonderful effects in shading and color schemes.

Bridal veils of real lace are now put on so as to come down to the eyebrows only, leaving the rest of the face uncovered, while at the back it falls within a few inches of the skirt. This arrangement is suitable for lace veils, which are never so wide as plain tulle ones. The latter are always worn so as to cover the figure entirely, coming down below the waist in front.

Did anybody say that a bracelet was not useful! Little did he know the many ends which an English girl will make it serve. She will fasten it in her hair so that it will look like the top of a comb, and when she wears a square necked waist she will place the bracelet about her throat, tying it on with a bit of velvet, and driving her friends wild with envy of her new necklace.

The Swiss Guard.

The pope has his own soldiers, who are not very many, and who generally act as guards to the various parts of the Vatican. Behind the bronze doors, which are enormous barred gates, we saw some of these soldiers, one of whom will ask us for our permossos, or permits. I am sure you never beheld military gentlemen like them before. They are called the Swiss guard, and are dressed in a uniform of flowing tunic and breeches, formed of broad perpendicular stripes of black, red and yellow, long stockings striped in black and yellow; and on state occasions they wear brass helmets with heavy white plumes, and carry halberds, or pikes with ax-heads at the ends. The officers' dress, of the same design, is of bright silk, and they make a dazzling appearance. These men appear as if they belonged to the Middle Ages and had nothing to do with our modern times; and they very properly seem so, for their uniform was designed by Michael Angelo, not long after the discovery of America, and their costume has never been changed. It used to be the custom of many of the potentates of Europe to have personal guards composed of Swiss soldiers, as they were considered more honest and trustworthy than any others. In Paris the porter at the doors of great houses is still often called "The Swiss," although he is almost always a Frenchman. And these guards of the pope are now Italians, but they still retain the old name.—*St. Nicholas.*

Seats in the New York Stock Exchange are now worth $23,000. The price has varied during the past ten years from $3,500 to $33,000.

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Red Star Cough Cure.

Cows in Key West are labeled with the names of persons for whom their milk is kept.

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This widely celebrated institution, located at Buffalo, N. Y., is organized with a full staff of eighteen experienced and skillful Physicians and Surgeons, constituting the most complete organization of medical and surgical skill in America, for the treatment of all chronic diseases, whether requiring medical or surgical means for their cure. Marvelous success has been achieved in the cure of all nasal, throat and lung diseases, liver and kidney diseases, diseases of the digestive organs, bladder diseases, diseases peculiar to women, blood taints and skin diseases, rheumatism, neuralgia, nervous debility, paralysis, epilepsy (fits), spermatorrhea, impotency and kindred affections. Thousands are cured at their homes through correspondence. The cure of the worst ruptures, pile tumors, varicocele, hydrocele and strictures is guaranteed, with only a short residence at the institution. Send 10 cents in stamps for the Invalids' Guide-Book (168 pages), which gives all particulars. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

NEW YORK city is to spend $1,000 for water lilies to be placed in its parks.

"Golden Medical Discovery" will not cure a person whose lungs are almost wasted, but it is an unfailing remedy for consumption if taken in time. All druggists.

MORE scholars than school houses is the cry all over the Union.

Don't hawk, hawk, and blow, blow, disgusting everybody, but use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

LAND in the Island of Jersey rents for $75 a year per acre.

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Beeson's Aromatic Alum Sulphur Soap is used to prevent, cure and heal skin diseases and to secure a white, soft and beautiful complexion. 25 cents by Druggists or by mail. Dreydoppel, Philadelphia, Pa., Man'fr.

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For Skin Diseases, Eruptions, Boils, Erysipelas, Scrofula, Discolorations, Humors and diseases of the Skin of whatever name or nature, are literally dug up and carried out of the system in a short time by the use of the Bitters.
It Invigorates the Stomach, and stimulates the torpid Liver and Bowels, which render it of unequaled efficiency in cleansing the blood of all impurities, and imparting new life and vigor to the whole system.
No Person can take the Bitters and remain long unwell.
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